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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK On Wheels

Australia is sending a "publicity ship" to the Far East to promote her export trade. It is hoped that when it comes to Hongkong, people concerned with trade promotion here will study it carefully. For the idea is one from which this Colony might profit.

The expense of chartering a ship, even at today's comparatively low rates, may be too much for Hongkong but a variation of the idea offers a more reasonable proposition. Could we not organise an overland travelling trade exhibition to four countries where our exports might be built up—South America and Africa, perhaps also the Middle East and Southern Europe?

Two large shooting brakes equipped with caravans or trailers will be needed. These could carry a fairly wide selection of Hongkong products which might prove popular in these areas—the recent being on low-cost goods for low-cost-of-living countries. Staff needed for the display would be two drivers and at least four officials.

The Big Snag

Hongkong is perhaps the biggest snag—providing the experienced trade promotion people to go with the display. To expect Government to allow four officials including at least two senior men to leave the Colony for an indefinite period is asking a lot. If the Federation of Industries showed any prospect of materialising, this would be the logical body to organise the display. But for the time being at least it must be discounted.

But Hongkong would do well to plug its exports this way for a year or so instead of participating in static exhibitions which take considerable time to organise and, though fruitful, are too localised to allow widespread contacts to be made. A week's display in major towns or cities, in a number of different countries well-publicised beforehand may however introduce a large number of new customers to Hongkong products.

Costs might be high but the threat of shrinking exports compels the Colony to seek new and more imaginative ways of bringing its products before the markets of the world, particularly where the name of Hongkong is not well known.

RUSSIA VETOES U.S. PROPOSAL

America Makes Surprise Move In United Nations

By RALPH TEATSWORTH

United Nations, July 18. Russia vetoed late today the American proposal to send a United Nations police force into Lebanon and the United States immediately moved formally to call the U.N. General Assembly into session to consider the plan.

Dulles Warns Senate Body On Dangers

Washington, July 18. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, warned Senators today that a proposed cut of \$110,000,000 in foreign economic aid would "mean inflation and an unacceptable risk of disaster in Turkey, Spain, Korea, Taiwan, Vietnam, Pakistan and Iran."

He added today is no time to reduce our support of those countries, among the most dedicated to the cause of freedom as against Communism.

IN FAVOUR

Dulles testified before the Senate Appropriations Committee in favour of the aid bill. He said the aid programme "now makes it more clear than ever that our Government needs the full amount."

The cabinet official noted that President Eisenhower had said the House cut "seriously endangers our security."—U.P.I.

Prevention

Washington, July 18. Anti-Government forces in Lebanon were preventing oil shipments from getting through from the Tripoli refinery to Jordan, a Pentagon spokesman said today.

The oil flows through a 30-inch pipeline from Iraq and is transported south by lorry to Jordan.—Reuter.

Iraq's New UN Delegate Fails To Get Seat

United Nations, July 18. The representative of Iraq's revolutionary regime arrived today and Russia failed in a determined fight to send him to the United Nations Security Council.

The representative was Hashim Jawad, who until a few weeks ago represented the government of

King Faisal of Iraq here. He returned with credentials signed by the Foreign Minister of the regime whose power overthrew Faisal earlier this week.

The Council, without a vote and over Russia's opposition, took no decision on Iraq's representation,

agreeing with the contention that the constitution of the Arab Union of Iraq and Jordan made Jordanian King Hussein the current head of state and that the credentials from his government carried by the rival Iraqi representative, Abdul Majid Abbass, were valid.—U.P.I.

EOKA THREAT OF AN 'EYE FOR AN EYE'

Nicosia, July 18.

The Eoka leader Digenis served notice today that his organisation would take a life for every Greek Cypriot killed in Cyprus.

Chennault Gets Weaker

New Orleans, July 18. Congress acted today to promote Major General Claire Chennault, the Second World War Commander of the Flying Tigers in China, to Lieutenant-General as he lay critically ill in hospital.

Hospital authorities said General Chennault, who is 57 and has lung cancer, began to grow weaker during the night. Hearing this, both Houses of Congress in Washington voted the General's promotion, and it went to President Eisenhower for what was regarded as certain approval.

The General, who has been ill since the beginning of the year, was visited in hospital last week by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, under whose husband's command General Chennault organised his famous fighting air force.—Reuter.

Hongkong Gets Big Cheer At Cardiff

Cardiff, July 18.

Five small teams from South-east Asia were warmly welcomed, when they paraded past the Duke of Edinburgh in the opening ceremony of the Sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games here today.

Hongkong, Malaysia, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo had only sent a few competitors to the Games but the crowd—as is usual at opening ceremonies—seemed to think that a small team deserved big cheers.

More than 1,200 athletes from 35 countries are taking part in the athletics, rowing, wrestling, swimming, bowls, boxing, weightlifting, cycling and fencing events, which continue until tomorrow week.—Reuter.

AS OTHERS SEE US:

HK—"A Menace To British Industry & Living Standards"

London, July 18.

Hongkong is "an ever increasing menace to United Kingdom industry and the living standards of the British." This allegation was made recently by a director of a Staffordshire Hardware firm in the Hardware Trade Journal.

Mr R. B. Williams, a director of Jury Holloway Ltd wrote that Hongkong "appears to be a cesspool of commercial piracy and one of the principal dope centres in the East."

The officially published statistics of imports and exports, he said, were probably not worth the paper they were written on. Mr Williams' impression of Hongkong is a place with appalling housing conditions, half a million squatters, virtually no factory restrictions and no statutory conditions of employment.

Colony Goods Unloaded In UK After Three Months

Southampton, July 18.

Cargo which had been in the holds of the 24,000-ton P and O liner Chusan since she sailed from Hongkong in April was unloaded here today.

The cargo originally consisted of 780 tons of rubber, cloth and novelty goods. When it arrived in London the dock strike was at its peak and dockers refused to work the ship.

STILL ON BOARD

The Chusan then sailed on a cruise with the cargo still on board. When the cruise ended Southampton dockers refused to touch the cargo, which they said was "black."

Since then, the liner has completed two more cruises and discharged 640 tons of the cargo at Gibraltar and Ceuta.

Today Southampton dockers accepted the advice of union representatives to unload the remainder when the liner docked.—Reuter.

More Rain

A total of 1.72 inches of rain was recorded for the 24 hours ended 9 o'clock this morning. From 1 a.m. to 9 a.m. less than half an inch was registered. The heavy shower at 8 a.m. netted only 342nds of an inch. More rain is expected today.

'WE WILL NOT REMAIN PASSIVE'

RUSSIA DEMANDS END TO U.S. & BRITISH 'AGGRESSION'

Moscow, July 18. Russia demanded an end to U.S. and British "aggression" in the Middle East today and warned that it "will not remain passive" if the demand goes unheeded.

The Soviet demand was made in a Foreign Ministry statement delivered to the U.S. and British Ambassadors in Moscow.

The statement said if the U.S. and Britain did not withdraw from Lebanon and Jordan, the Soviet Union "will have to take

the necessary steps, dictated by the interests of the Soviet Union's security and the preservation of world peace."

The statement gave no hint as to what the "necessary steps" might be.

It pointed out that the British Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, had told the House of Commons that Britain had the full support and approval of the U.S. Government in the matters of sending troops into Jordan.

"In this way the British Government supports the aggression of the U.S.A. and the U.S. Government supports British

aggression," the statement said.

"The armed intervention by Britain in Jordan, launched following the U.S. aggression in Lebanon, testifies to the fact that the U.S. and British governments have a widely premeditated plan of aggressive action for the suppression of the national liberation movement in the countries of the Arab east," the Soviet note said.

"They want to impose the yoke of colonial oppression once more on the peoples and to preserve for U.S. and British monopolies the opportunity to tap the natural economic resources of these countries."

The statement followed the Soviet warning to the U.S. on Wednesday to get out of Lebanon "at once."

Its key passage said: "The Soviet Government declares that the Soviet Union will not remain passive in the matter of this unprovoked aggression in this area which adjoins its frontiers and it will have to take the necessary steps dictated by the interests of the Soviet Union's security and the preservation of world peace."

The statement said there were "no facts or data" to support British claims that it sent troops into Jordan "to oppose aggression."—U.P.I.

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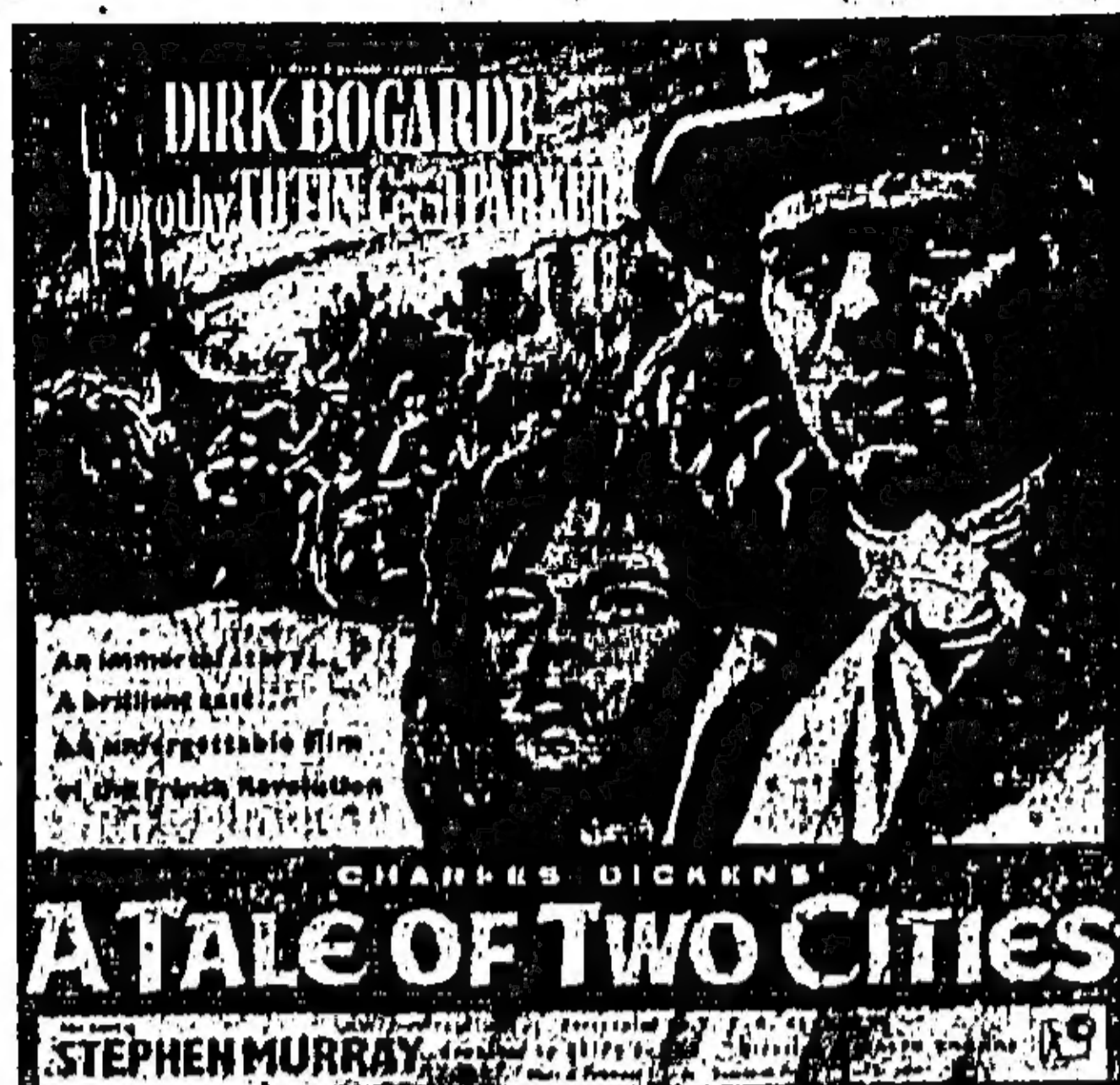


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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

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He had no love for life ready to die for love! But he was



Special prices for students at 2.30 p.m. show (Saturday & Sunday excepted):
KING'S: Back Stall \$1.20 Dress Circle \$2.40
PRINCESS: " \$1.50 " \$2.00

PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents
Humphrey Bogart — Aldo Ray — Peter Ustinov
in "WE'RE NO ANGELS"
in VistaVision & Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Paramount's
POPEYE THE SAILOR TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Free Schwappes Cream Soda & Quaker's Sugar Puffs

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents
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Charlie Chaplin in "MODERN TIMES"
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BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
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EXTRA! EXTRA! AT THE BROADWAY: FREE "GREEN
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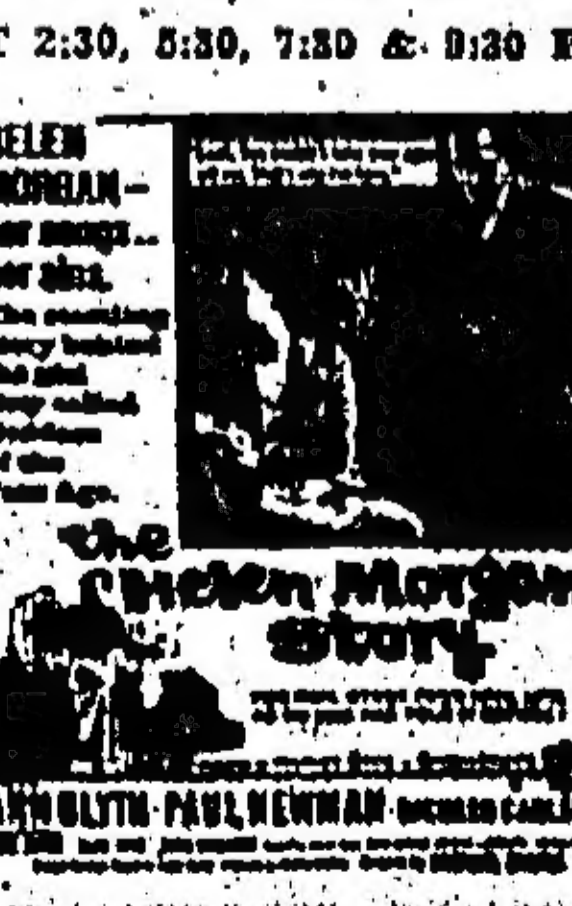
CAPITOL RITZ

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.00 A.M. "A & O. MEET THE MURDER"

OPENS TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"THEIR SECRET AFFAIR"

FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

THE events leading up to the French Revolution in all their sadist cruelty and callous disregard for peasant life are so realistically acted in the opening scenes of "A Tale of Two Cities," showing at the King's and Princess, that the subsequent terror of mob rule is almost understandable. This is the best balanced film of the Revolution I have ever seen.

Charles Dickens' masterpiece, which has been performed more than any of his other books, is brought to the screen vividly by a group of fine artists headed by Dirk Bogarde as the handsome English lawyer who pretended to care for no man.

The role of Sydney Carton which was played by Sir Martin Harvey on the English stage for 36 years, has been covered by many distinguished actors. In this fine production by Betty Box and Ralph Thomas, the disillusioned and dispirited Carton lives again. The haunting melancholy of Dickens' fictional hero who rises to men's highest glory is a memorable role as interpreted by Bogarde.

Dorothy Tutin as the gentle and desirable Lucie Manette is effectively contrasted in a world of half-crazed and desperate women made hideous by hunger and hatred. The delicate girl with steel-strong integrity is ably aided by the indomitable Miss Pross, splendidly characterised by Athene Seyler.

Cecil Parker as the kindly banker, Jarvis Lorry, does not try to steal the limelight of which he is so deserving for his fine character roles. He is content to support the younger players in this film.

A harsh and unforgettable performance is given by Rosalie Crutchley as Madame Defarge, the implacable enemy of the Evermonde family. Even the liberal and sympathetic Charles Darnay, cousin to the monstrous Marquis de Evremonde, nor immune from her avenging fury.

Darney, played by Paul Guers, a French actor, has for the purpose of the plot to look like the liberal and sympathetic Charles and is satisfying to the viewer to observe the resemblance between these two handsome young men without too much dependence on make-up.

Two excellent portrayals worthy of mention are Stephen Murray's Dr Manette, and Marie Versini as a 17-year-old Parisienne who is thrown very quickly after her studies at the Conservatoire National d'Art Dramatique. It was interesting to hear viewers leaving the cinema exclaiming "Who is the pretty young girl who went to the Guillotine with Dirk Bogarde?"

★
TROPICAL in this season is the French film "Typhoon over Nagasaki," Pathe-Cinema production, showing at the Lee and Astor.

This film is more than a colourful travelogue with a romantic interest running throughout and has the down-to-earth French realistic treatment of a story featuring complicated human relations. The beautiful landscapes, lakes and sea fronts are skillfully shown, also the immaculate and filmy homes; the delightful (to any male) subservience of the female, constant attention and entertainment for his benefit.

One of the best bits in the film was the amusing parody of a Japanese geisha by Danielle Darrieux, bewigged and kimonoed, with graceful gestures, shy flirtation and gny single, as to the manner born. The entranced victim, Jean Marais could surely only detect one flaw, that the talented performer must be poking fun at him and his contented capitulation to the Japanese way of life.

With his vulnerable Kishi Keiko he would never be picked by such doubts. But would her sweetness become too cloying or did his temperament tend to respond more fully to the stimulating attractiveness of the pseudo-demiure Danielle?

That is something we were never to find out because of the terrifying typhoon. The most spectacular filming of un-restrained forces of nature seems to draw the spectator into the vortex of the storm to emerge battered and breathless as the fury abates.

Jean Marais plays the part of a young French engineer working in the Nagasaki Naval Dockyard, to which he has been sent to supervise the construction of oil tankers.

In the spring of poetry and peach blossoms, he is attracted

by the peaceful mode of living of a young intellectual, Kishi Keiko, who owns a silk store, speaks French and is drawn towards Western civilization. She still possesses the charm and outward humility of a submissive woman formed by thousands of years of tradition. They are on the verge of a love affair and he has become

a tenant of a German Professor, well-played by Gert Frobe, and his Japanese wife, "tatami" of jony-standing. Their immaculate, home, colourful terraced gardens and cosy family atmosphere have a profound impression upon the exile, which is slightly shattered when he hears of the arrival in Nagasaki of his former mistress

and journalist Danielle Darrieux.

There are interesting situations when two beautiful women coolly appraise each other and a battle of wits and wills is on.

The apex of the triangle does not wish to plan his future, and enjoys being the centre of attraction until embarrasments ensue. He is almost relieved to be sent by his firm to Osaka, but a romantic interlude takes place there and the problem becomes more involved.

The complications are met with a French charm and resourcefulness which cracks Kishi's impassivity. From the onset of the typhoon, the emotional and elemental impetus of the film is heightened and drama supercedes comedy.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Bravados." An unusual Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an avenger who takes the law into his own hands and finally finds it hard to forgive himself. Joan Collins, and Stephen Boyd, head a strong supporting cast. De Luxe Colour and Cinemascope, 20th Century Fox film for adult entertainment.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Sheepman." Glenn Ford the stranger with the gun, a man with a name to live down, as a sheepman in cattle country. With Shirley Maclaine and Mickey Shaughnessy. Ford's sense of humour is still as evident as in "Don't Go Near the Water" and "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Filmed in Cinemascope and Metrocolor in Colorado and the San Juan mountains.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens' exciting story brought to the screen again and better than ever. Dirk Bogarde as Sydney Carton, Dorothy Tutin as Lucie Manette and Cecil Parker as Jarvis Lorry. Introducing 17-year-old Parisienne Marie Versini and starring Stephen Murray. Breathtaking scenes of the Revolution, the

storming of the Bastille and the tumbrils rumbling along to the Guillotine, interspersed with tranquil scenes of the French countryside and peaceful interludes in England. A. J. Arthur Rank production.

Screenplay by T. E. B. Clarke, produced by Betty E. Box and directed by Ralph Thomas. Romantic and exciting entertainment. STAR & METROPOLE: "Touch of Evil." Orson Welles, Janet Leigh and Charlton Heston in an international crisis in a border town between the United States and Mexico. High explosives and narcotics, murder and master-crooks are ingredients in the Universal film which is full of surprises. Joseph Calleia and Aldin Tamiroff in supporting roles. Guest stars, Marlene Dietrich and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Based on the novel "Badge of Evil." Produced by Albert Zugsmith.

LEE & ASTOR: "Typhoon over Nagasaki." Colourful French film of upheavals, mental and physical, in Japan. Starring Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais and Kishi Keiko. Filmed in Technicolor, English subtitles. Directed by Yves Ciampi.

COMING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Cry Terror." James Mason in a suspense film with Rod Taylor and Roger Eberhart. Story of a television repairman involved in time-bomb manufacture as a supposed Army project. He is duped and double-crossed, kidnapped and used as a cover by the extortioner. His wife and child are used for the purpose of collecting extortion payment with mounting tension. Even a sex-demented guard comes into the picture and has to be slain. The FBI agents are at work hunting down the villain of the piece and Mason narrowly escapes death while eluding his captor. Portland Mason, the precocious daughter of James Mason, has a part in the film and another child actress Terry Ann Ross.

A Virginia and Andrew Stone production. ROXY & BROADWAY: "Sierra Baron." Thrilling historical Western starring Rick Jason as the Spanish owner of the Principessa grant of land in California. In the early pioneer days. Beautiful scenery and stirring action with colourful Spanish interiors and rich costumes. Covered wagon settlements and their hardships in the desert, sanctuary in the

Principessa range and gold-miners and land-grabbers' activities are included in this panoramic film of Twentieth-Century Fox.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Cowboy." Glenn Ford (again, this time as a ruthless villain). An exciting Western. Jack Lemmon as the tenderfoot who wants to be a real American cowboy. Anna Kasul (Marlon Brando's wife) and Brian Donlevy are also in the cast. Columbia's Technicolor epic of the West as it really was, produced by Julian Blaustein and directed by Delmer Daves.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Careless Years." A frank and fearless film of teen-agers who confuse sex and love, of co-educational problems and the impatience of youth. Written and produced by Edward Lewis, directed by Arthur Hiller. Starring Dean Stockwell, Natalie Trundy, John Larch and Barbara Billingsley. A story of mixed-up kids with good parents, trying to help with the aid of modern psychology and good common sense. Simply told, with the minimum of violence and, thank goodness, no tragedy. A United Artists picture.

HOOVER & LIBERTY

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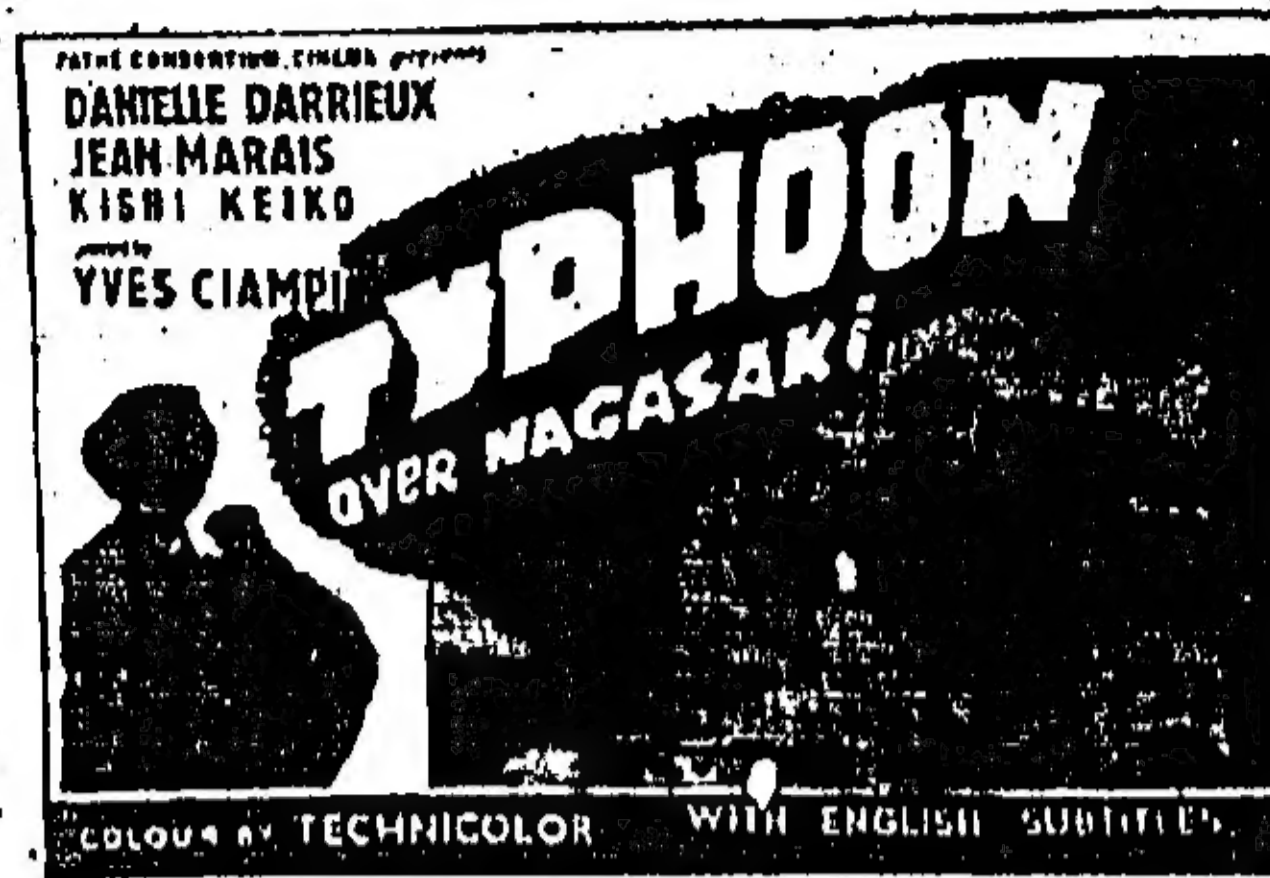
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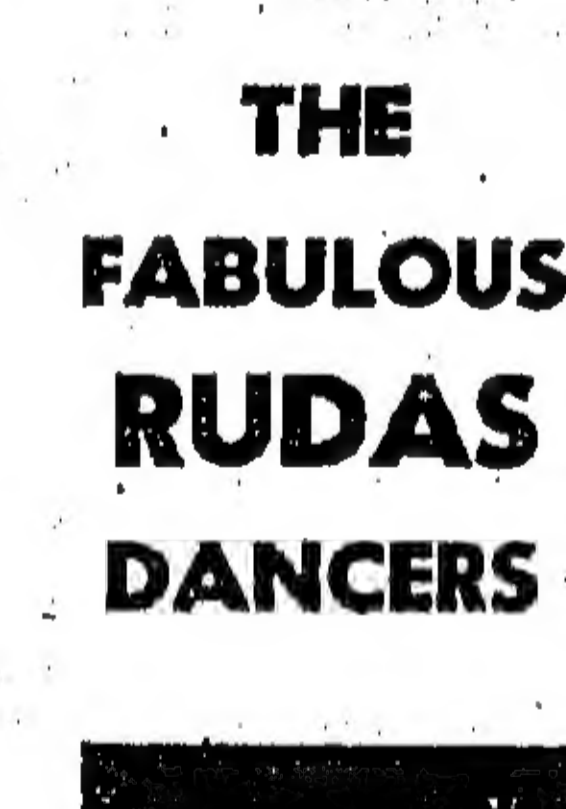
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HIS 'CASTLE' IS IN A TREE!

Garbage Man Shares Home With Two Pets

London.

FRANK GUNNELL has been up a tree in Powick for 28 years—and he likes it.

The Scottie Cindy Saved Makes History

London.

NICKY, an 11-year-old Scottie given six months to live, has made canine medical history by recovering.

Nicky, owned by Miss Maureen Crossley of Daley Bank Cottage, Warrash, Hants, had a deadly blood disease.

A vet thought a blood transfusion was the only hope to save him. Up went a public notice asking dog owners to give their pets blood.

MONGREL

Out of hundreds of volunteers, Cindy, a six-month-old mongrel stray, was chosen.

Nicky was given nearly a quarter of a pint of new blood. That was six months ago.

And last week Miss Crossley said: "He is just like a puppy again. I heard him bark for the first time ever in March. And he can walk normally at last."

Said the vet at Fareham: "I have been staggered by Nicky's recovery. He is now a healthy, happy little dog. We can hope that his span of life may even exceed the normal. The blood transfusion began the business of putting him on his feet."

SUFFERING

Nicky was suffering from chronic lymphatic leukaemia and his illness—says the vet—has proved conclusively that dogs do suffer from this disease, just like human.

And, because of Nicky, it has also been discovered that the drug cortisone "appears to work with the disease." The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and top flight vets have followed Nicky's case. Because of its importance to other dogs, Miss Crossley has not been asked to pay for Nicky's treatment.

Man & Dog Dive Out Of Window

London.

FRITZ, a black-and-tan Doberman Pinscher police dog, couldn't wait to make his 108th arrest.

So when he and his handler, P.C. Stanley Dines, tracked down two men to the waiting-room at Thames Ditton, Surrey Station last week "Fritz" Fritz went into action.

As he leapt into the room—with P.C. Dines still hanging grimly on to his leash—both men sailed through the window.

Fritz just kept on going... up and through the window... and so did P.C. Dines.

They all finished in a struggling heap 25ft. below.

SUCH A DROP

The man at the bottom came off worst. His friend landed squarely on his back and dashed off, leaving him screaming with pain.

P.C. Dines got away with a broken bone in his foot; Fritz with a winding.

Said 42-year-old P.C. Dines, father of three, with 20 years in the force: "I didn't realise it was such a drop."

"The station stands party was still, and the ground below snored sharply."

"Still, it was funny really. I felt like a man holding on to a rope."

Later a man with back injuries was detained by police at Kingston Hospital.

Bought Club To Be A Member

London.

BUILDER Pat Pateman, 42, was refused membership in a local golf club. So he promptly bought the club's 120-acre links, clubhouse and all.

Three years ago Pateman applied to renew his membership in the Longcliffe Golf Club, near Loughborough. But his application did not receive the necessary support from two-thirds of the committee.

"I took a poor view of that," Pateman said. "Now the shoe is on the other foot."

Pateman, who bought the club for an undisclosed sum, said that "if I do not approve of two-thirds of the committee now I can do something about it."

"I am under no obligation to renew the lease," he added. "I shall perhaps this will teach the committee a lesson."—U.P.I.

The 40-year-old garbage collector lives in the tree—a stout old willow which is about 500 years old. He shares his castle in the air with one dog and one cat, both black, one radio, two record players and six stuffed birds.

Gunnell's castle consists of a "terrace"—a platform made of rough logs about 20 feet long—on which the hut in which he sleeps is supported.

Lovely Life

"It's a lovely life," the garbage collector said. He stoutly denied that he ever gets lonely up there in the more-or-less blue.

Gunnell's tree-top life started as a holocaust from the boyhood joys of camping out. He actually started doing it that way, living in a tent in various areas. But he was shifted around so much he finally decided on a relatively unshiftable tree.

It isn't as though he did not have a house of the more orthodox variety, either.

He does his garbage collecting in Worcester, near Powick, and has a house in a government project there. But he lets his father and married brother stay in the house while he keeps up to his own standards.

The tree house has practical value, too. It is near the banks of the Teme river, which frequently overflows.

Bailing Out

Anyone who tried to live in a tent at that point would have to spend a lot of time bailing out.

When Gunnell gets a report that there has been flooding up the line in Wales, he gives it three days to get to where he lives and lays in supplies accordingly. He once spent two weeks happily marooned in his tree that way.

The garbage collector makes the most of his life—swimming, fishing and all the trimmings. He teaches local children to swim and has rescued no less than 16 people during his 28-year tenancy of the tree.

He also supplements his income from the Worcester garbage job by tending cows and sheep in nearby meadows and by growing vegetables and flowers for sale on a plot he has staked out near the tree.

"Life," said the philosophic tree-dweller, "is always light."—U.P.I.

Fans Put On The Best Fight

Rome.

FISHERMAN Fernando Spizzichino didn't like the way a boxing match was going in Rome's Palazzetto dello sport last week so he took off his brother Renato's shoes and threw it at the referee.

When police warned Fernando, brother Renato and seven friends resented it. All nine of the crate fight fans ended up by being arrested.

They were charged this morning with violence, menace, offence, resistance and using bad language against public officials. Many of the audience voted it the best fight of the evening.—U.P.I.

Couldn't Leave His Job

SO HE GOT MARRIED!

Staveley.

Giovanni Mansueto, an Italian working in England as a labourer, found himself in a spot when he won £21,000 on a football pool. Under the terms of the pool, he could not quit his £3 a week labourer's job to enjoy his winnings, on pain to some less arduous livelihood.

But then Mansueto found he could turn the trick by getting married. Mrs. Mansueto, who is Italian, was married to him in a ceremony which he entered England. So he did it, and it was not such a sacrifice at that for Mansueto, a 32-year-old bachelor.

The girl he took for a bride was Grazia Hecley, a pretty 18-year-old who lived near the town where Mansueto worked. With British Home Office permission he quit his job and left with Grazia on a secret honeymoon.

After the honeymoon, he planned to buy a car in Manchester, move into a £2,500 home and set up in business on his own.—U.P.I.

COWS MILKED TO SLOW SWING MUSIC

Rome.

COWS are milked to slow swing music on a modern farm near Rome and food is brought to them on a special conveyor belt in their centrally heated stalls.

The farm is in the middle of the Agro Romano, an arid and rocky plain which half circles the Italian capital. The farm is situated about 30 miles out on the Via Aurelia behind the Vatican City and is called Torre in Pietra.

Few Romans know much about Torre in Pietra farm yet for 33 years they have bought its rich creamy milk, its big and pulpy romano artichokes, its limpid muscat wines, its many fruit and vegetables and especially its beautiful flowers. Even in the United States this farm would be even something exceptional. In Italy it is like an oasis in the desert. Everything is mechanical, systematised, hygienic by the most rigid standards, and at the same time highly efficient unlike most farms in the district where farmers still hand plough and cows are made to work.

Torre in Pietra farm was begun in 1925 by Senator Luigi Albertini, one-time director of the Corriere della Sera daily newspaper, of Milan, and in collaboration with the well-known politician and industrialist, Count Nicola Canadine who was also one of the founders of the postwar Italian airline Alitalia.

Awakened

Every morning at dawn the cows on Torre in Pietra farm are awakened by the sound of slow swing music played to them on Carillon bells. The cows are washed before being milked and during this process they can get a ration of salt by licking at a salted paper which comes to them on a special conveyor belt.

The feed for the cows is weighed and rationed according to the weight and milk production of each animal.

Besides fruit and vegetables, wheat and maize, medicinal herbs and flowers are also grown. Indeed Torre in Pietra flowers are famous. They are grown under special movable domed glass-houses where some of the most exotic plants are produced.

Perhaps the greatest achievement at Torre in Pietra is irrigation. Water can be seen seeping in huge tanks in wide, deep canals, and in big pipes that criss-cross the farm. And within every square yard there is an artificial rain spray simulating the dry, rocky ground.—U.P.I.

Medical World's Robin Hood Is Imprisoned

'Robbed The Rich To Help Poor'

London.

A 40-YEAR-OLD physician started a one-year prison term for operating as a medical "Robin Hood" and robbing the rich to "feed" the poor.

Dr. William Pitt was sentenced for fraud despite a petition signed by hard-up patients who contributed their pennies to set up a defence fund for him. Special magistrates, drawn in Warwick after detectives testified that he charged wealthy businessmen David Humphreys for more than 100 injections of a "rare" drug to cure what he told Humphreys was an almost incurable and potentially fatal liver disease.

'Rare' Drug

After Humphreys paid for 120 at £21 apiece, he got another medical opinion. He was told there was nothing wrong with him—and that an involved "examination" Pitt gave him consisted of Pitt twiddling knobs and mysteriously touching wires on a home-made, useless machine.

The prosecution said Pitt also charged women more than £100 for treatment they should have had free from Britain's nationalised health service.

But Pitt's less well-heeled patients rated him as a sort of Robin Hood.

Supplied Food

They said that although he cheated wealthy patients, he helped poor ones.

At one time, his defenders said, he not only told a poor family to forget the bill but supplied them with free bread and milk for several weeks.

Even his richest victim, Humphreys, admitted it was tough testifying against a Robin Hood.

"Strangely enough, I still like him," Humphreys said.—U.P.I.

Wanted To Call His Son Gengis Khan: Govt Objected

By HENRY MACLENNON

Rome.

GENGIS Khan may not be so famous for your young newborn son. But shopkeeper Giorgio Garbini liked the sound of it and its atmosphere of adventure.

So on the great day, not long ago, he filled in the birth certificate to register the name of his son carefully writing out the letters of Gengis Khan.

Garbini, however, was in for a surprise. At the registry office he was informed that by law foreign names cannot be bestowed on Italian citizens.

FORBIDDEN

Under article 72 of the state Civil Code the official said, "It is forbidden to bestow on babies in Italy foreign or foreign sounding names."

Giorgio Garbini refused to accept this as a defeat. He has taken the issue to a high court.

But the law is explicit. Even the proposal of making Gengis Khan a second name after "Paolo" was denied.

This law on the veto of foreign names for Italian children came into effect from July, 1939, and is still valid, despite the fall of Mussolini. The then dictator approved the law because immediately after the 1918-19 war babies everywhere in the country were given all kinds of English and Russian names, including such embarrassing ones as Trotsky, Stalin and Lenin.

RED-TAPE

Parents and the victims of these names themselves later desperately tried to have them changed but the red-tape involved made it an almost impossible undertaking.

One foreign name, however, is common throughout Italy and can be still bestowed on babies if desired. The name is "Walter." This name was popular in the twenties—a badge of region under Austria. When Italy occupied the region it was forced to recognise it as legal. For in no way can it be Italianised.—U.P.I.

Hooligans Offered To Smash Her Paintings For Publicity

By DICK DAVIS

Paris.

A Boring left Paris with a "one-man" show to her credit and an offer from Paris hooligans to smash her paintings. If she will pay them to do it.

The good-looking blonde artist from New York City said she was happy about her exhibition's success.

The hooligans' proposition did not interest her one bit, she said.

Two Weeks

Miss Bernay's paintings went on display at the Raymond Dugan Gallery here for two weeks.

Just before the show opened, she said, she was approached by a "shady-looking man" who said that for a nominal fee he could get "art students" to attack the gallery and destroy some of her paintings.

"He told me it would be just like the old days when art students attacked showings by Picasso," she said. "He said it would be awfully good publicity."

Turned Down

She said she turned the offer down hard and the man disappeared "like smoke."

She said that never before in her career had she heard of such an offer being made to an artist anywhere.—U.P.I.

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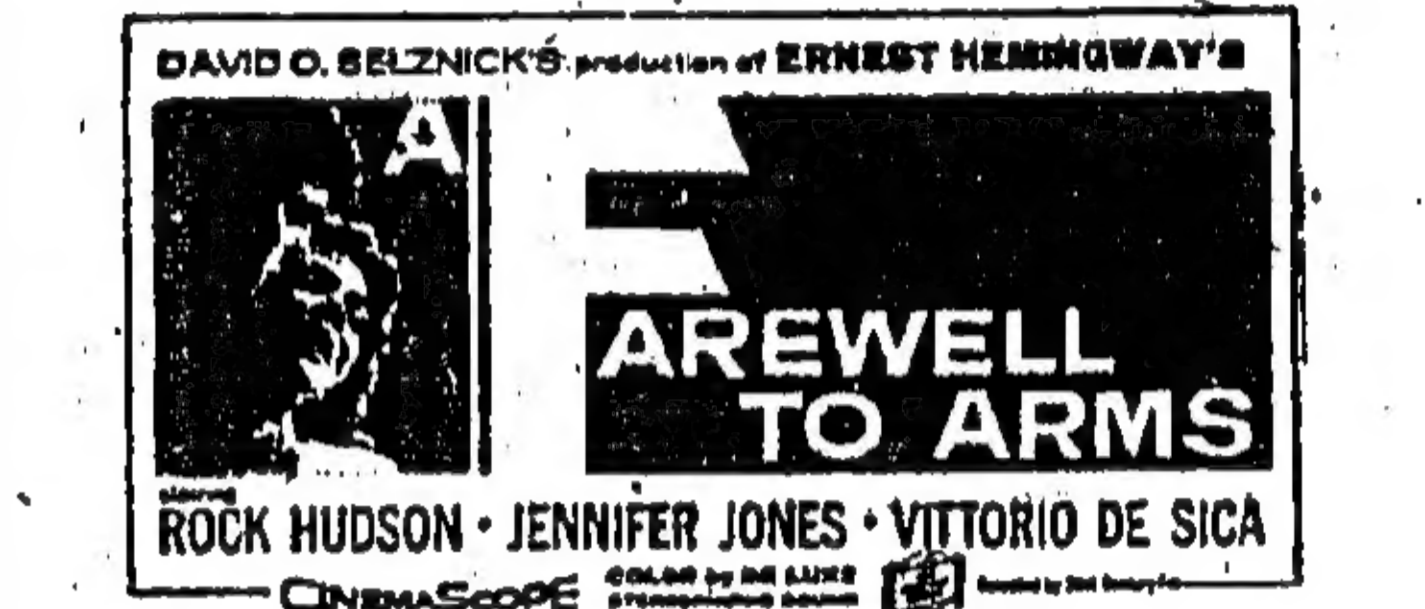


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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Holiday-makers crowd the beach at Prestwick, Scotland, as the 400-ton Irish coal ship *Kerrymore* lies aground on a submerged reef 400 yards offshore. The *Kerrymore*, without any cargo, was heading slowly toward Ayr Harbour, in thick fog, when she struck the rocks buckling her plates.



ABOVE: The scene at Windsor Park recently, at the end of the Royal Windsor Cup Final polo match, Prince Philip who led the winning team, is presented with the Cup by Princess Margaret.



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth smiles, smoothes the pleats of her blue-and-white flowered dress as she leaves St Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh last week with the Dean of the Thistle, Dr Charles Warr.



ABOVE: Francisco ("Baby") Pignatari, 41-year-old millionaire playboy whose name has been linked with that of Linda Christian, is seen in London with a current attachment, Balmain model Barbara Calieux. Says Baby: "She's the most attractive girl I've met and she's not interested in marriage."

★ BELOW: Actress Eva Bartok took her seven-month-old baby, Deana Grazia, on her first flight recently from London to Amsterdam, where Eva is to make a film. Eva and Deana Grazia are seen here at London Airport before take-off.



★ RIGHT: These two Edinburgh babes, who disappeared recently, started the city's biggest hunt for years. They are four-year-old Patricia Deegan and her three-year-old brother Alexander. They had gone for a walk along some grassland, become tired and fallen asleep. A policeman found them 18 hours after their disappearance — under a hedge at Silverknowes Golf Course, only 30 yards from the beach where they were lost.

★ BELOW: Counting the returns after a collection at the recent British Communist Party rally in London's Trafalgar Square. The rally was a "British Independence Demonstration" in which speakers delivered attacks on American Foreign Policy.



ABOVE: One of the most glittering film occasions London has seen for months took place recently when the premiere of the film "The Vikings" took place. Prince Philip was at the premiere. So were Kirk Douglas, one of the film's stars, and Burt Lancaster. The lady in the centre is Mrs Lancaster.

★ BELOW: At Britain's Calder Hall "B" atomic power station in Cumberland recently a turbine explosion put out of action a £2,000,000 electricity generating unit. There were no casualties. The turbine had been undergoing tests and it overheated, blowing a hole in the roof of the turbine hall.

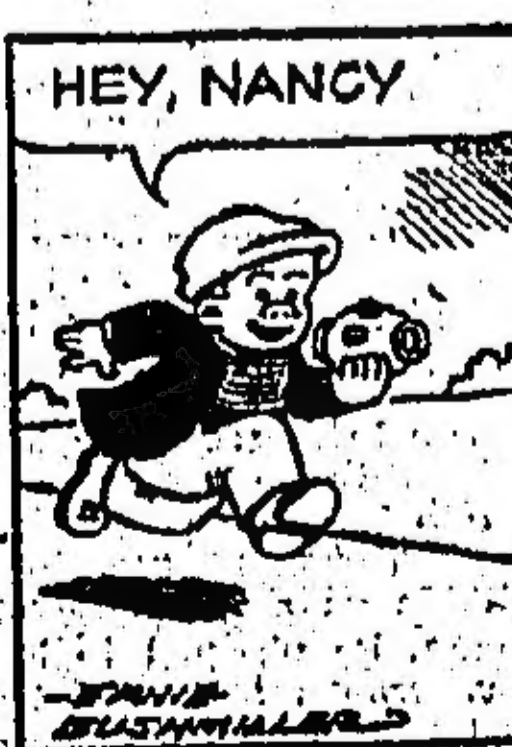


ABOVE: Nineteen-year-old Terry Dene, the problem boy of rock 'n' roll, married blonde pop singer Edna Savago at Marylebone Registry Office recently. "It was Edna who got a black eye when Terry went berserk in her hotel room at Gloucester four months ago. Afterwards the rock 'n' roll singer was fined £155 for wilful damage."



NANCY

by Ernie Bushmiller



A REPORT ON CHINA, 1958

by **FREDERICK ELLIS** who travelled 20,000 miles
to present this thought-provoking article

THIS POSTER, FOR EXAMPLE, MAKES NO BONES ABOUT IT

AFTER a month inside Mao's China I say this generation faces the most potent over threat from the East: China's two-pronged attack on the West. The first prong is industrial. The second, political. They march together in China.

With the West pre-occupied with events in Europe, the great and growing industrial boom taking place in China is overlooked and unbelieved.

How can a nation which made such a hesitant start in 20th century republicanism suddenly begin building a vast, great, and ever-growing industrial economy?

Yet I have seen an industrial revolution taking place that is unequalled in the world's history.

An industrial marvel going on unseen and unreported in the Western world. Achievements that are fantastic by any standards.

I have seen the flow of goods from the Chinese plants—staggering in their variety and often in complexity.

Vast

Vast and complicated machine tools—made by a people to whom the shovel was virtually the only tool 10 years ago.

I stood in the huge ultra-modern Anshan steelworks in Manchuria, turning out 3,000,000 tons of steel a year.

It was run by 100,000 Chinese, most of whom had never seen a soldering iron when the Communists swept into power.

Listen to the testimony of a Swiss engineer, Mr. W. A. Thomann, powerhouse chief of Brown Boveri, one of the world's

leading makers of turbine power-houses.

I met him on his return from seeing China's first turbine plant at Harbin.

His verdict: "It is terrific. We are quite jealous of the plant—it is better than anything we have."

But for a few specialist machines, the whole plant has been made by the Chinese. And the turbines it turns out need to be built to precision standards of a fine wristwatch.

Always onwards and upwards surges this giant industrial Red Dragon.

I have indeed seen the workers of the world at their benches on the five continents. But never have I seen such human energy, as is generated in the factories of China.

They all work six days a week. Most factories are on two shifts, many round the clock. They are driven on by the political slogan, "The Great Leap Forward!"

The set target is Britain, with the battle cry, "Overtake Britain in industrial production in 15 years."

At the current tempo they will succeed in less.

Already the cry is—"The Red Wind has prevailed over the West Wind."

The market

The nation's 650 million have been galvanized into an almost religious frenzy by their leaders' claim to "develop the greatest domestic market in the world."

And to bolster that claim the Chinese Communist Party boasts declare that China will place immense orders to speed the development of this vast market.

Orders for machinery, chemicals, building materials, fuels, power stations, and transport.

What, then, are Britain's chances of sharing this industrial cornucopia?

After a month touring China's industrial centres and talking to the officials in Peking I report that they are slender.

Faint

They are faint because of one of the biggest post-war political blunders—the trading embargo imposed by the West on the Soviet bloc, including Red China.

London.

The ban on selling to the Communist countries goods of so-called strategic importance.

To print the list of goods Britain will not allow to be sold to China would overflow a page of the China Mail. It ranges from horrors like polytrifluoro-chlorophenylene down to a can of petrol.

But the ban, which is American-inspired, has been effectively imposed. Because of it Britain sold but 34½% worth of goods per head to China's millions last year.

A mere £12,000,000-worth of British goods trickled through the Bamboo Curtain into China, where Britain dominated trade for a century.

I talked to one of the heads of the State Planning Commission, which musters the The Great Leap Forward.

He told me: "The embargo means nothing to us. On the contrary, it has done us great harm."

With a bland smile he added: "We should be grateful to the Americans for the embargo policy. It has forced us to develop our own resources and industry much faster than we would have done."

That is the tragedy of the policy.

Almost overnight a nation of peasants has been forced to become highly skilled engineers and technicians. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle.

Stepping in

The Chinese are turning out for themselves goods which would have been traditional British exports for years.

And with a very sense of humour they are already offering for export goods that



Symbolic!

"The Big Leap Forward," says the Chinese text on the poster. And the ever-eager Chinese worker-hero brushes aside the Union-Jacketed business man in the race to beat British production by 1972.

Britain has, on the banned handling truck surrounded by Chinese-made copies.

In the coming decade China will be able to flood her neighbouring markets with goods that will make the Japanese look poor...and Britain's beyond price.

The Afro-Asian nations watch China's efforts with envy and admiration.

Politically, what is going on in China sells Communism as the cure-all to the undeveloped countries.

Industrially it sets an example—while the Chinese eager to sell complete industrial plants to sympathetic countries.

And while this fantastic industrial revolution goes on apace the Western politicians bumble away in Paris on a grand debate to see if the embargo list can be modified.

At Harbin alone the Chinese will make for themselves power stations nearly half as big again as we will allow the Chinese to buy from us.

With a tremendous shortage of power in China, Britain has thrown away an enormous market.

More than 80 per cent of China's foreign trade is with the Soviet bloc, mainly Russia. The Western share is only nine per cent—with Britain collecting the crumbs.

In all the plants I visited I saw but one bit of British equipment—a lonely mechanical

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

South Stumbles On Optimism

By OSWALD JACOBY
WITH 23 high card points and nine probable winning tricks, South had a reasonable two bid but not an outstanding one.

North visualised a slam but started proceeding by merely bidding three spades. When South bid four and five, no-trump, North was delighted to show his one-ace and one king, and when South went to seven spades, North put down his dummy with great confidence. He certainly was surprised when South struggled away and finally had to go down one trick.

Obviously the blame for the loss of the small slam and rubber must go to South. Where did he go wrong?

NORTH		EAST	
♠ J 7 6 5		♠ 8 2	
♥ A K 3		♥ J 8 4	
♦ 8 3 2		♦ Q 5	
♣ 7 4		♣ Q 10 9 8	

WEST		SOUTH (D)	
♠ 3		♠ A K Q 10 4	
♥ J 10 7 6		♥ 7 5 2	
♦ J 10 7 4		♦ A 8 6	
♣ J 9 8 3		♣ A K 2	

Both vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
2♣	Pass	3♠	Pass
4NT	Pass	5♠	Pass
7♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♠ J

South made a mistake that lots of bridge players make. He forgot that his partner had heard his two bids.

South merely should have bid four diamonds after his partner's spade raise. Then if North had signed off at four spades, South should have quit right there.

Of course, North would have bid four hearts, whereupon South could have tried five clubs.

The partnership might still have reached seven. North might have jumped there himself, but probably North would have taken heed of his rather poor distribution and contented himself with a six bid.

In that case South should have realized that he had shown all his strength and passed at the right contract.

♥+CARD Sense♦
Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♥ Pass 1♠ Pass
2♥ ?

Yes, South, hold:
♠ A 3 2 ♥ K J 10 7 6 ♦ A Q 5 4 3
What do you do?
A—Pass. The bidding is not over and still more hearts may be bid.

TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding continues with two no-trump by West and three no-trump by East. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

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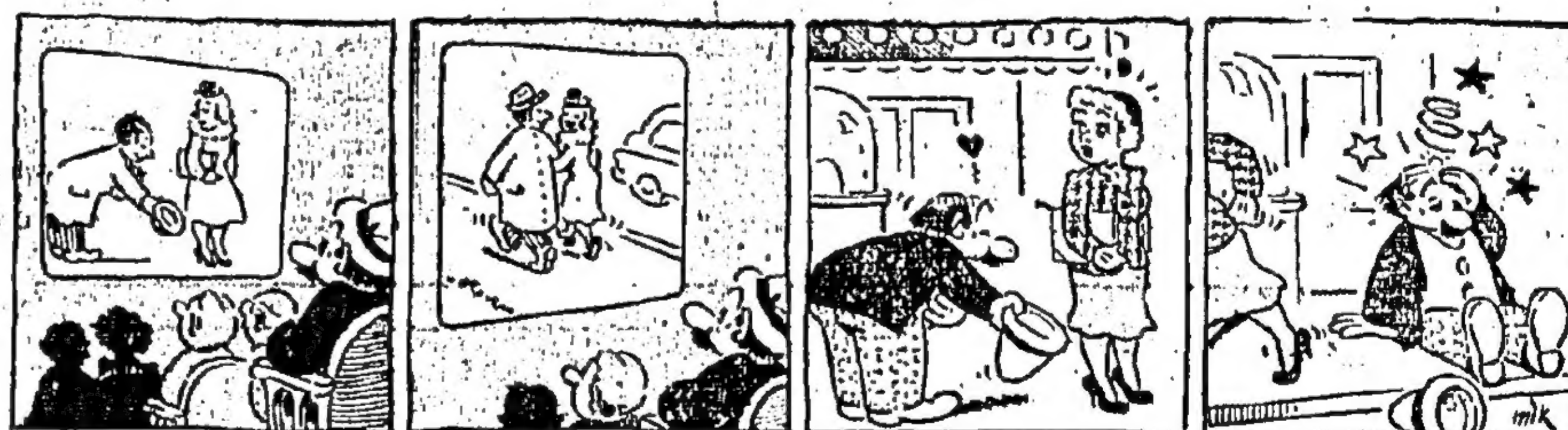
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SOUTHGATE—THE QUEEN OF THE BOROUGH

ONCE a year the Borough of Southgate, which I have represented in Parliament for 23 years, holds an official Sabbath Service in a selected local church. The Mace Bearer in gown and cocked hat leads the procession, followed by the newly elected Mayor, then by his predecessor who has stepped down to the level of Deputy Mayor, after which comes the Lord Lieutenant of the County followed by the member of Parliament, and finally we have the Alderman and the Councillors together with the Town Clerk and the Borough Surveyor.

The mayors, like the years, come and go. Yet for the rest of their lives they remember that glorious year of office, when each of them in turn was the First Citizen of the Borough. They give their services without financial remuneration and only in that golden year they become part of Southgate's story for all time.

This lovely Borough of beautiful parks and little lakes was the South gate to London in the early days when rich men built sumptuous country houses which in the process of the years have now become museums and galleries and libraries. Technically Southgate is known as a dormitory constituency, meaning that the men travel by Underground or car to the City for their work, and come back to sleep in Southgate.

NOT AT ALL

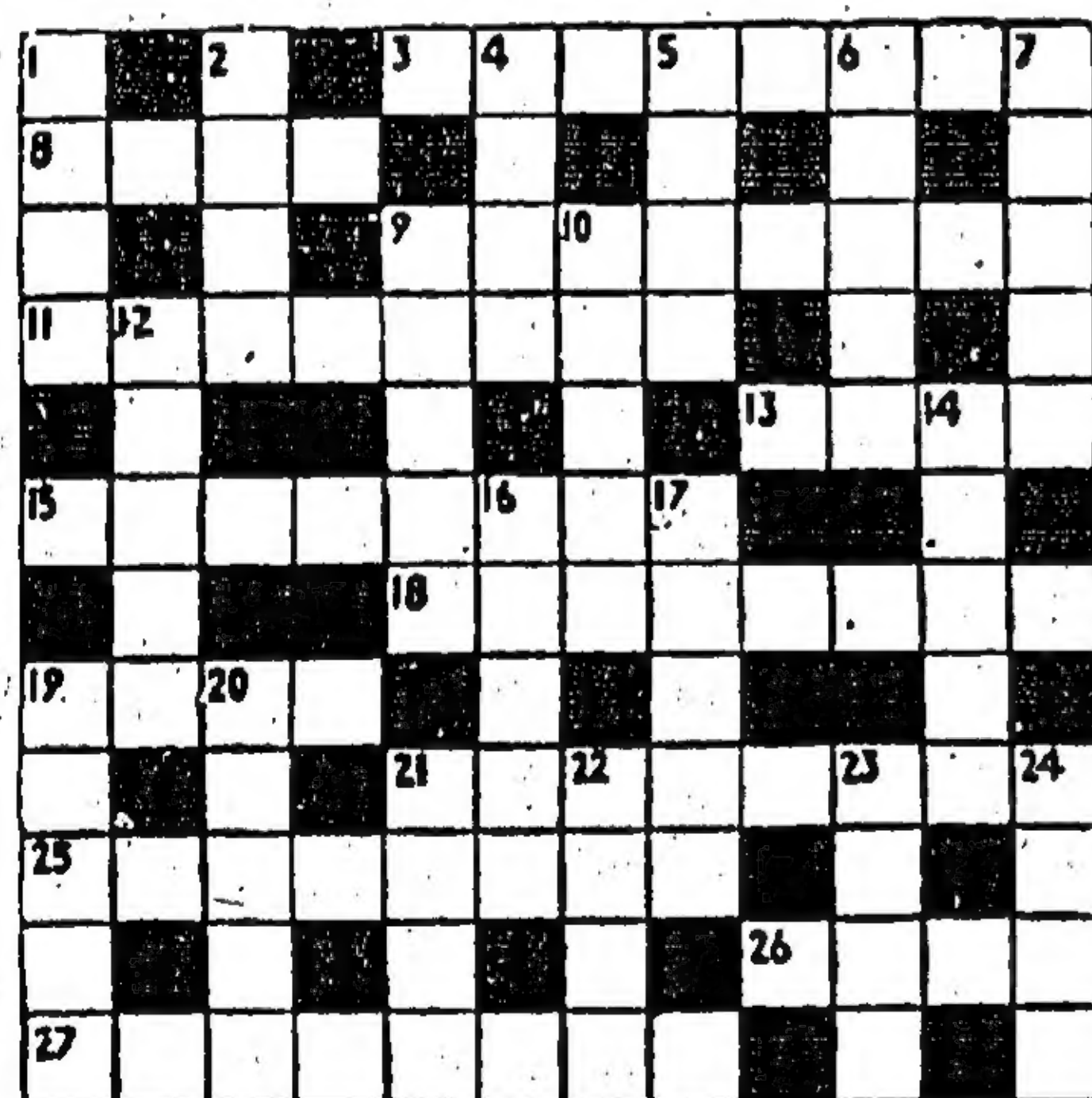
Then is my constituency just a suburb lost in the gigantic community called Greater London? The answer is—no at all! Southgate is as individual as Quebec or even Toronto. Take for example that Sunday in the Hitler war when the Germans, who had occupied France, decided to hold a victory demonstration in Paris at the Arc de Triomphe in the presence of French crowds.

Everything was arranged to show that the Nazis were conquerors but friends, providing that France was willing to bow to the German yoke.

The ceremony was to be at noon but at eleven a young R.A.F. pilot from Southgate had an idea. With or without permission he took off in a fighter plane, roared his way across the Channel, then swooping over the Champs Elysees, he dropped a French Tricolor at the base of the Arc de Triomphe to the fury and dismay of the assembled Germans.

To the French with their sense of drama and history it was an incident that helped to light the flame of resistance at a moment when defeat and disaster seemed almost to have broken their spirit.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
3 Where to hold a factory dance? (8).
8 Mary's troops (4).
9 Make things go further (8).
11 Not abstract stuff (8).
13 May be fine, short, long or deep in a field (4).
15 Entered into rivalry (8).
16 He's to be found on board, as a rule (8).
18 A drop in the rent? (4).
21 Maximum (8).
25 Pales show (8).
26 Catch about ten only? Is that the nearest you can do? (4).
27 Pleasantly fragrant (8).

DOWN
1 Lubricant; powder (4).
2 Portent (4).
4 Endeavour to "get off" (4).
5 These animals are nearly all related (4).
6 Good advice to a tug-of-war team (5).
7 The Fleet Street gang (5).
9 Went all wrong (5).
10 It's different in motherhood (5).
12 A ring and a belt will have bracing effect (5).
14 Cheesily spirit (5).
16 Shakespearean Athenian (5).
17 Stupid (5).
19 Narrowing light? (5).
20 Make alterations to a repair? (5).
21 Ring out (4).
22 Obsolete ruler? (4).
23 Concoction (4).
24 Takes nourishment (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 S-miles, 4 Bucks, 7 A.D.-option, 8 Noddy, 9 Triple, 11 Nations, 13 Rotunda, 15 Season, 16 Lines, 18 Positive, 20 E-mo-and, 21 Scraps, Down: 4 Smart, 5 Top up, 6 S-clip-end, 8 Bonnet, 9 Controls, 6 Spades, 10 Intimate, 12 Assist, 13 Relate, 14 Rapped, 16 Actor, 17 Noddy.

By Sir Beverley Baxter

But what has all this to do with Southgate and its annual Civic Church Service? The answer is that my constituency has its own way of doing things, and therefore, this year it broke with tradition and elected a woman to be its Mayor for the coming year. Perhaps I should explain that there is no electoral contest for the mayoralty. The choice is made by members of the local Council.

Part of the significance of the election of Alderman Mrs Ruth Winston to the rank of the First Citizen of the Borough lies in the fact that she is the daughter of the local Rabbi. Thus the Borough of Southgate, which has had a Canadian representing it in Parliament for 23 years, now chooses a widow, the daughter of a Rabbi to be its First Citizen for the coming year.

So there came this year's Civic Sunday. As the Dedication was to be held in the Synagogue we were duly warned that we had to keep our heads covered throughout the service. In other words we had to keep our topers or soft hats covering our bald spots from the sun that glinted through the windows.

TRIUMPHANT

And what service it was! Here at the side of the Chancel was a male quartet of singers whose voices rang out as if it were the triumphant march from AIDA. The first tenor had a voice of operatic quality that shook the roof when he let loose the full volume of his high notes. So to the climax of the service when the Mayoress knelt before her Rabbi father and received his blessings and advice on her appointment.

Look ahead with pride but look back in anger. It was not so long ago when the infamous Hitler sent hundreds of thousands of Jews to their death in the horror ovens. Intolerance and besotted vanity had turned

him into such a fiend incarnate that he knew neither justice nor mercy. Then look at Southgate on that sun-strewn Sabbath where the people chose a woman, a Jewess, to be the First Citizen of the Borough and to take precedence over all others, including the member of Parliament.

TOO MUCH?

Am I perhaps attributing too much individuality to this North London Borough? With due respect I think not. These Middlesex County Boroughs, although they are part of the area known as "Greater London", are as individualistic as villages or towns far removed from a metropolis. Take for example Southgate's Amateur Dramatic Societies as well as its Choral Societies.

I am the president of nearly all of them and when they put on a play at Church House (which has an admirable stage) I try if at all possible to attend the Friday night performance (it is usually a three-night presentation) and when the play is over I go on the stage and give them a critical appreciation which is nearly always favourable. In fact what with Choral Societies, Operatic Societies and Dramatic Societies my Friday nights are usually spent in attending as the patron or president.

Which brings me to our local weekly newspaper, the Palmers Green Gazette. Let the press lords of Fleet Street thunder and roar against a politician yet he will survive. But if his local newspaper turns against him then he is in real danger. Fortunately the Palmers Green Gazette which dominates my constituency is admirably edited and maintains a remarkable vitality.

But if Southgate has its beauty spots and more than its share of kindly folk it also has proud and tragic memories. Five times in the war Hitler's V.2 bombs, travelling faster than sound, struck cruelly at the Borough.

There was no warning, there could be no warning. One moment the pleasant villas would be blinking in the sun and in another moment death and destruction were at hand, while the ghostly Wall of the V.2, left behind by the super-speed of the rocket, arrived to give new horror to the scene.

THE SCARS

Nor was Southgate spared by the V.1's which flew pitiless and without any accuracy of aim, until the control clock cut off the engine and sent the plane and its bomb crashing on house tops or in the open streets like a mad creature primed with senseless manual fury.

But today the scars have gone, and the Queen of the Boroughs has no warfare except when some cricket team invades our pitch and learns too late that it must go down to defeat. If, of course, the invaders win then Southgate gives them a cup of tea and swears that next year they will take revenge.

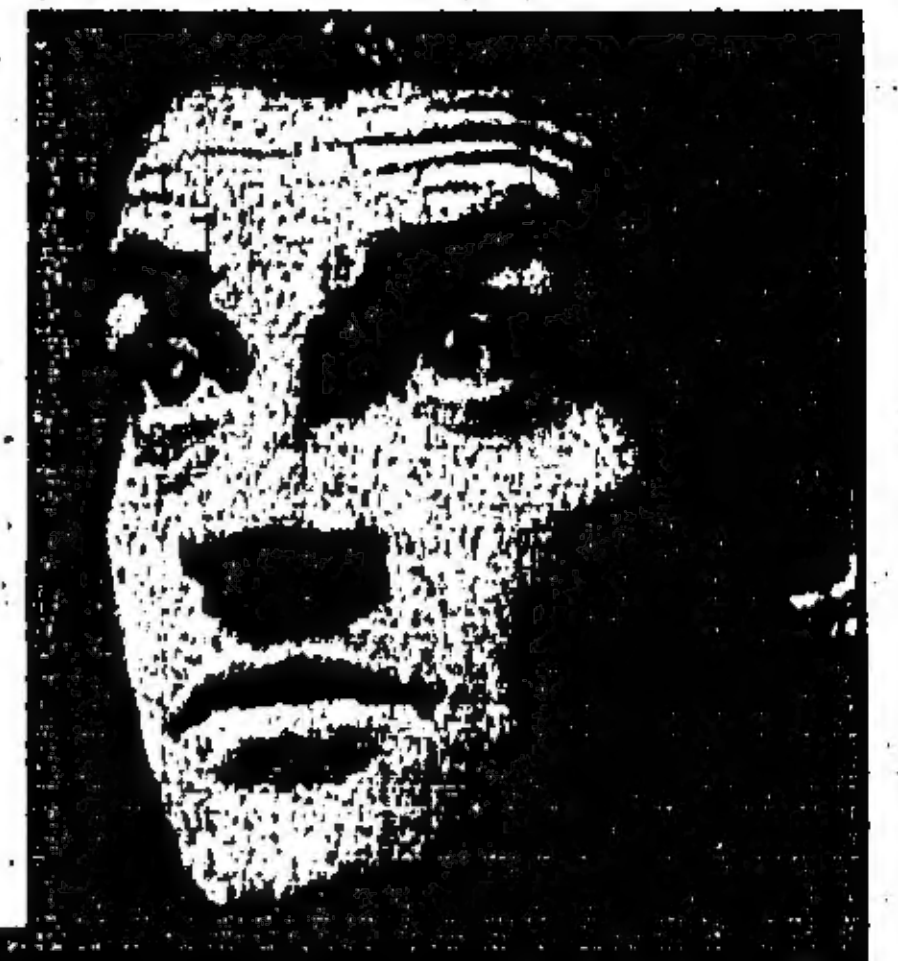
I began this London Letter with Mayor's Day at the Southgate Synagogue. Let me end with an incident that occurred 24 years ago when the Conservative Association had to choose between Duncan Sandys and myself as Southgate's Tory candidate for the next election.

After various questions, friendly, semi-friendly and critical, a member of the Association asked if, despite my name, I was not a Jew. On the wall there was a striking portrait of Benjamin Disraeli the great Tory Prime Minister. Pointing to the portrait I said: "You ask whether I am of the same race as Benjamin Disraeli. The answer is NO. Although I would be proud if I were 'YES'. All of which was loudly applauded and the chairman hurriedly called for the next question.

The 'Safe' Cigarette

by
**CHAPMAN
PINCHER**

To all 25-a-day men—the world's foremost authority on 'smoking and cancer' makes an astonishing new claim... in London recently



DR ERNEST WYNDER, a craggy handsome, Mel Ferrer type of man who is the world's top authority on the link between smoking and lung-cancer, flew into London to tell 2,000 other scientists how to make cigarettes safer.

With the crusading zeal which he has pursued this problem for the last 10 years he gave me advance news of the most promising experiments he will describe at the International Cancer Congress opening at the Festival Hall.

Wynder, it rhymes with cinder, believes that the secret of the safe cigarette is to cut down the cancer-pryoking chemicals in the smoke by reducing the temperature of the burning tip.

He thinks this can be done by incorporating a small amount of a chemical, such as powdered aluminium, into the tobacco in a way which would not interfere with the smoker's pleasure.

"At the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York we have found it is futile to try to make tobacco safer by taking anything out of it," he said. "Any plant material sets free cancer-forming agents when it is burned at high temperature. If you smoked spinach it would be just as dangerous."

"But adding a catalyst—a chemical to make the tobacco

burn at a lower temperature—should make a much safer as well as a cooler smoke."

Wynder now 37, offers little hope of producing "catalysed" cigarettes for at least three years. The effect of the doctor-tobacco will first have to be tested by subjecting animals to the smoke of 50,000 cigarettes.

German-born Wynder, who works with Teutonic thoroughness, insists that each of the seven promising catalysts he is now testing must be tried out this way on at least 50 animals.

Two ideas

But he is certain that the danger from smoking could be substantially reduced immediately by two simple moves:

1. The use of tobacco which has a low tar content.
2. The fitting of effective filter-tips to reduce still further the amount of tobacco tar entering the mouth and lungs.

"The variation of tar content between different types of tobacco is enormous," Wynder explained. "U.S. tests have shown

that cigarettes made from tobacco of low tar content can be highly satisfying. Indeed, once people have smoked them they find high tar tobacco distasteful."

"Reducing the tar should not affect the pleasure because there is no need to take out the nicotine which is the soothing element in tobacco. Nicotine is not cancer-forming."

Wynder's really safe cigarette will eventually embody the three precautions—tobacco selection, filtering, and the addition of a cooling catalyst. But the first two alone could definitely save lives now, he claims.

"I am satisfied that smoking contributes to 90 per cent of the lung-cancer in the U.S. The figure is almost certainly higher in Britain," he said.

With the incidence of this distressing complaint still rising rapidly it is the most urgent problem in the whole vast field of cancer research. Wynder points out that it is also the only one on which the doctors are pretty positive about the main cause.

Having always avoided financial backing for his work from the tobacco manufacturers

Wynder feels he can offer them unbiased advice. He thinks that they should voluntarily declare the tar content of their product on every cigarette package.

Though he is a non-smoker, he is human enough to realise that addicts cannot be talked out of a habit by tales of frightening consequences. So he has concentrated on the more realistic goal of enabling smokers to go on inhaling their six feet of cigarettes a day—the burn-up of a 25-a-day man—without fear.

Statistics

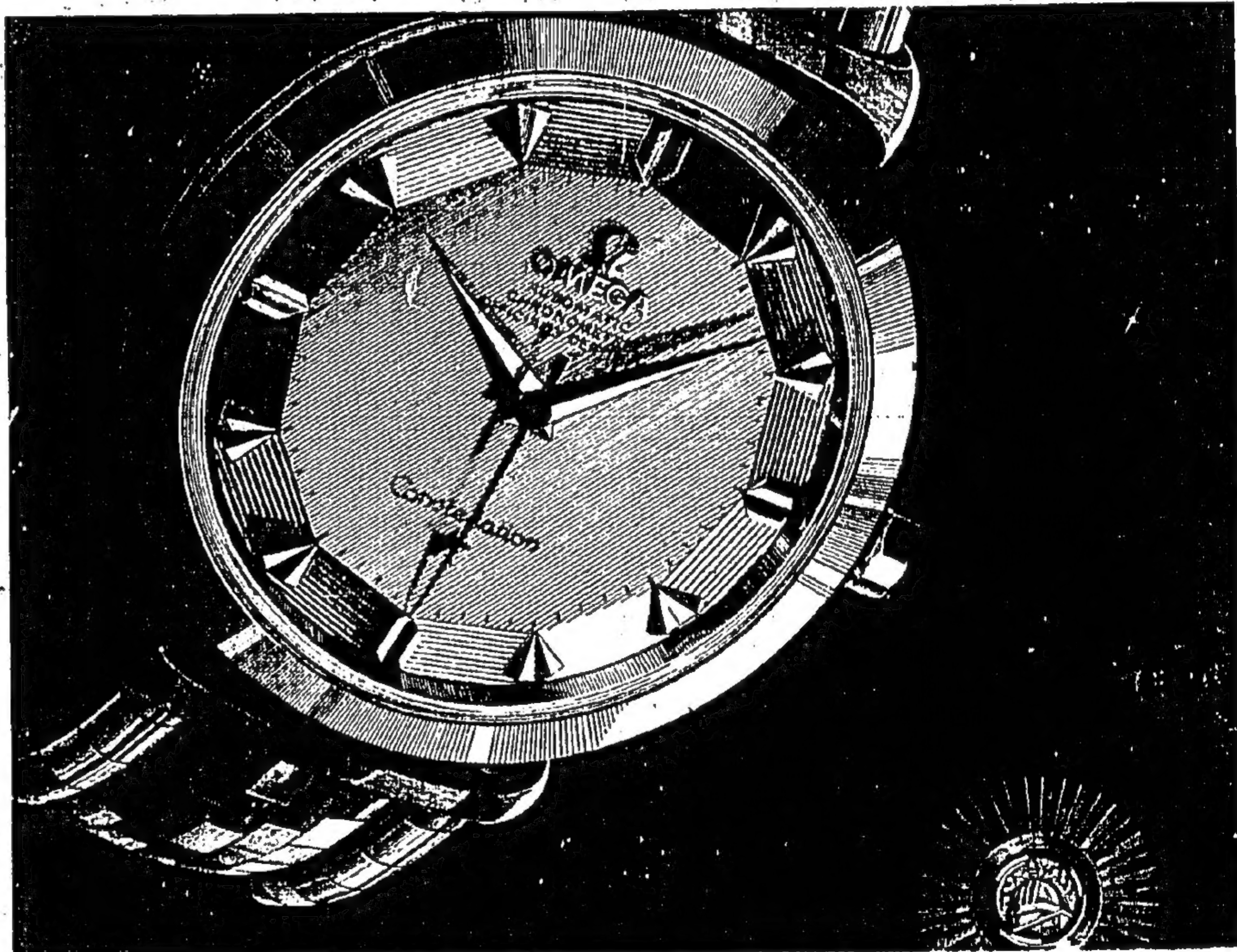
I asked him what he thought of the opinion of Sir Ronald Fisher, the Cambridge University statistician, who believes that the statistical evidence against cigarettes is like a girl in a bikini—what it reveals may be suggestive, but what it conceals may be vital.

"Fisher ignores the enormous weight of the statistics from every part of the world," Wynder said. "They could be disputable only if we were all 7,000 per cent out in our calculations."

"I wonder if he has heard of our investigation on Seventh Day Adventists, a religious sect who never smoke? We found that they had 90 per cent less lung-cancer than the general population. This was true even, in Los Angeles, a notoriously smog-laden city. So the difference was not due to air pollution."

Dr Wynder dismisses Sir Ronald's claim that the link is based purely on statistics. His work, which I have inspected in New York, showed that tobacco tar causes cancer in animals. It was disputed by British workers, but I now learn that it has been confirmed by Professor John Blacklock at St Bartholomew's Hospital, who has caused lung-cancer in animals by treating them with tobacco tar extracted from a cigarette filter-tip.

Dr Wynder's claims are not likely to go entirely unchallenged at the congress, which will continue. But he is certainly offering the most constructive prospects yet for the smoker, tobaccoist, cigarette manufacturer, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.



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FAREWELL TO THE FAMILIAR BOTTLE?

DID you know that within the next few years there might be some difficulty experienced by those wishing to get a drink from an ordinary bottle?

By this, I don't mean to suggest that the bon vivant of today is in the habit of uncorking a bottle to raise it to his lips; I mean only to suggest that those globular, cylindrical or rectangular vessels of glass with the narrow necks may become increasingly unfamiliar and ultimately relegated to the realm of antiques.

Glancing around contemporary wine shops you may see a bottle of wine, but surely the place so long occupied by those old-established containers.

More and more, nowadays, you see brands of liquid refreshment attractively displayed in charming glass representations of hollow tree-trunks, of barrels, of lag cabins, even of charging knights in armour and full-rigged sailing ships. In short, the interest has switched somewhat from contents to package.

However, let the unremarkable bottle part company from its old friend liquor if it will; the liquor itself will not doubt remain the same.

It is generally accepted that drinking, in the wider sense of the term, was established in prehistoric times as soon as man had discovered methods of concocting thirst-quenchers more exciting than water; but in those early days, when each family followed the "do-it-yourself" routine, there was little conviviality.

Eventually, mankind became more neighbourly, accepting the proposition that the folk across the way were not necessarily to be regarded as mere targets, and then was born the age-old invitation to "come and have one."

It seems that the custom of drinking, convivially, and in particular of drinking to a friend's health, was developed to a considerable extent in ancient Rome. At one period, however, when men of hot temper and differing shades of opinion kept one hand on a goblet and one on a knife, drinking-toasts were confined to the interests of comradeship to those which were addressed to the fair sex in general. All men or most men, were agreed on the charms of the ladies. Sometimes they were even in agreement on the charms of a particular lady.

One practice when a specially-favoured girl was mentioned was to count the letters in her name and drink the corresponding number of goblets by way of

paying tribute to her attractions. It follows that Lea or Juno must have been much less in demand than Clytemnestra or Cleopatra among men who liked to drink deeply and often.

Which brings us to the word "toast." What is the origin of the expression "to drink a toast?"

There have been many attempts at explanation, but this seems to be among the unsolved mysteries. Some say that a certain monarch of England poured himself a glass of wine in which he placed a slice of toasted bread—evidently the custom during his time. On suddenly finding a few moments later that one of his courtiers had drunk the wine by mistake, the King jeeringly remarked: "Ah, no matter—at least I shall have the toast."

This explanation, unlikely as it may seem, is nevertheless the most plausible so far put forward.

The actual drinking of health has been done in many ways. Perhaps the best-known, observed by militant societies throughout the ages, is the practice of hurling the emptied glass at the opposite wall after the loyal toast to a leader has been carried out. The idea is obvious—merely to prevent the drinking of any other and necessarily less important toast from the same glass.

An old custom in Hungary still exists among the country folk, the custom of making a brand-new bride-room drink wine from his bride's slipper.

It was a habit that spread to the capitals of Western Europe in the Gay Nineties, as demonstrated by the "stage-door Roman" who cooed to the actresses and glamour girls of that rich and gaudy era. But the advent of the openwork slipper brought it to an end in the cities.

It has sometimes been waggishly suggested that this manner of drinking—a girl's health was great popularity among Dutchmen, who preferred their liquor from the wood. Well, be that as it may, the clog is certainly linked with liquor now. Dutch clogs, not of wood, but of glass or china, are selling today, with advocates inside them.

No doubt there are many more novelties in store, and it may well be that in days to come bottles as we have known them will be "collectors' pieces."

—K. L. Kendrick

Will the Russians put a ring around the Moon NOW?

WITH the Nagy execution, prevarication over the Summit, the manhunt in the Shetlands, Russian stock is in eclipse. But the Moon is not.

Within the next few weeks the later fact may reverse the former—and bring about the biggest event in man's history.

A successful leap across interplanetary space to the Moon, now, would re-establish the Soviet Union's prestige on Earth in so decisive a manner that even the triumph achieved by the Russians last autumn with the launching of the first Sputnik, will seem trifling.

Why July?

To put a ring round the Earth was hailed then as an astounding achievement. It was. But to place a ring round the Moon from the Earth, within a mere nine months of the first step into space, would be game, set and match of the current international—prestige tournament.

And it is precisely this that may be attempted within the next week. All the signs, political and technical, are propitious.

Why July? Clearly the Americans are going all out to offset the disappointment of their satellite programme by

ALL SIGNS POINT TO AN ATTEMPT TO GET A SATELLITE THERE WITHIN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

by ANGELA CROOME

reaching to the Moon before anyone else.

The U.S. air force, piqued because it has not been given the chance to show that it, too, can juggle satellites but entrusted by President Eisenhower with primary responsibility for the Lunar Probe programme, has with calculated indiscretion said that it intended a shot at the Moon in August.

A shot to the Moon? Despite Vanguard's bad record, the Russians cannot rely on the August Moon-shot failing. They therefore have something under six weeks left to beat the Americans decisively.

It would be entirely in character if the Russians attempted not merely to beat the Americans at the post but to go one better; not to hit the Moon but to place a satellite round it.

Useful

This would in any case be far more useful for it could photograph the Moon's other side where man's eyes have never seen, even with the most powerful telescope, as it is turned away permanently from the Earth.

The manoeuvre, as well as being more difficult (an advantage in itself if it is successful) would help to clear Russian

rocketeers before the eyes of the world of being just a set of cynical plotters; and it would leave the U.S. service chiefs with this subterfuge instead.

Contamination

There has recently been a great outcry from the world's ecologists at the prospect of rocketeers loosing off missiles with H-bomb or A-bomb warheads at the Moon and planets.

The effect of such an impact—or indeed of a rocket plunging into the deep dust—dances that cover the Moon—would be to contaminate the atmosphere of the body, perhaps, permanently.

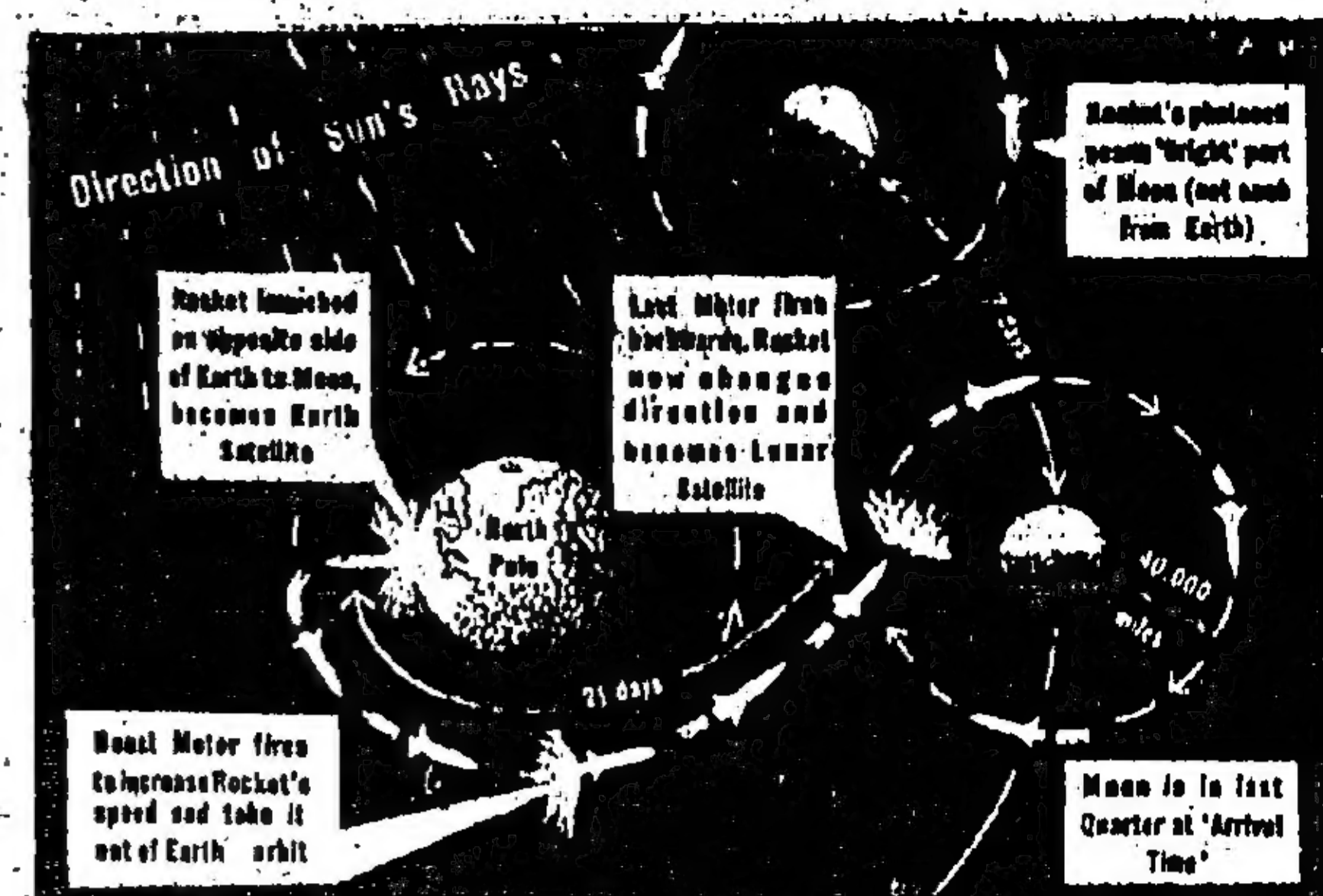
If the Russians can put a ring round the Moon before the Americans try to hit it (if that is what they finally settle for), Comrade Khrushchev can say: "You see how clever we are! We got there first again. You see how correct and reasonable we are—no nasty radio-active contamination of our comrades of the solar system. We do not go

in for colonization by poison. . . . Now you see our actions are all for science, research, the general benefit and advancement of knowledge."

How is this ambitious scheme to be mounted and why is July so significant? It works like this. The object is to survey the Moon's back so during the period chosen, that part of the Moon must be in sunlight.

Experts estimate that a satellite placed in orbit round the Moon for this purpose would not last more than a week. Therefore it should arrive "off" the Moon when it is in the last quarter; then half the hidden side is already in sunshine and can be studied by the satellite's automatic eye, and a few days later the whole of the hidden face is bright. (See diagram.)

Most likely a photocell rather than a camera will be used. This can comparatively easily operate its own transmitter, relaying an account of the Moon's disc in terms of relative "brightness" and "darkness." A television camera would be best of all, but the



This diagram shows how a rocket launched from the Earth can study the Moon's hidden face.

weight and complexity of carrying the apparatus so far would strain even the Russians' resources.

The satellite must not be too close to the Moon or its bulk will block the radio signals and the trackers, here will receive nothing. With the satellite orbiting a 40,000 miles out the signals will be interrupted only for 1-120 of each satellite orbit.

Backfire

The rocketry aspects of the manoeuvre are well known. A rocket must first be put in orbit round the Earth. Then when suitably aligned another motor fires and boosts the vehicle from Earth-orbital velocity (18,000 m.p.h. roughly) to "escape velocity" (25,000 m.p.h.). Thereafter the rocket coasts across space until it comes into the range of the Moon's gravity. A final motor fires—backwards—slowing down the rocket enough

to be "captured" by the Moon without actually crashing on to it. The satellite will then be in orbit.

The journey from the launching to the Moon on this plan takes 2½ days. Very accurate aiming (navigation) is crucial at all stages.

Of course if the Russians try this during the next few weeks and fail, we shall never know. There is, in fact, some evidence that they tried for a Moon-shot in March without success, and that May's Sputnik III was launched to mollify the political bosses.

The Russian policy has been to have their product before our eyes before advertising it. The Americans follow the opposite line—and give themselves a lot of grief.

Either way, when the Moon reaches its last quarter, soon, it may well be the most exciting moment in both lunar and terrestrial history.

How much is your accent worth to you?

THE accent came through thick and strong along the telephone line from Bingley. Like the rich, dark gravy that goes with Yorkshire pudding. "If you want to get ahead there are four accents that can help you," said John Braine, the man who charted a way to success in his novel *Room at the Top*.

"Standard English is okay anywhere. Modified lowland Scottish, with its suggestion of pawkly humour and a man with brain who's worked his way up, will do quite well. An Irish accent is superb—so long as people can understand it. And a West Riding accent like I've got is fine for someone like me, who's a bit of an entertainer."

"I've done television and radio, and Londoners always say: 'What a perfectly marvellous North Country accent! It's all right for me, but I'll tell you this. If I were a businessman or a professional man I'd learn to speak Standard English so quickly you'd be amazed.'"

"If you talk posh it certainly inspires a feeling of confidence in business—particularly in my sort of business," said estate



For motor salesmen, and most business people, a posh accent is an asset, but for politicians broad 'a's pay more dividends

agent Roy Brooks. Mr Brooks, who about the man he considers to be the most brilliant surveyor and architect in the country today.

RIGHT WORD

"He's a South London man with a South London accent. And because of it, a lot of foolish people don't attribute to him his true worth and weight."

Said Mr Brooks: "It's costing me about £100 a term to educate my three little girls. They don't learn anything more than they would elsewhere, but they call a lavatory a lavatory instead of a toilet. They haven't got much brains, poor things, so

why should they be further handicapped by an unfortunate accent?"

I asked Birmingham's Professor Higgins if an unfortunate accent is still considered a handicap? Alan Ross, Professor of Linguistics at Birmingham University, and the man who started the U and non-U controversy, said that he didn't think people took too much notice of accents nowadays.

"Except, perhaps, in business. Yorkshire and Scottish accents have a tradition of honesty and worthiness that inspire trust. And firms that sell things like expensive motor cars prefer salesmen who pretend to have a U accent."

The man selling cars in Piccadilly confirmed this. "You've got to have a nice voice—like this," he said going grand. "It impresses people who are well-spoken themselves. On the other hand, if a chap comes along with a bit of an accent, you mustn't lay it on too thick or he thinks you're patronising him. A salesman's voice is his most valuable asset."

The girl behind the perfumery counter in Bond Street said that she came from Newcastle. "But if I spoke like a Geordie I wouldn't be working in Bond Street."

The young man in advertising said that he couldn't think of anyone who had got on in advertising with an accent. "After all," he explained, "when you go out and meet clients you are the representative of the firm, and you have to put on as good a show as possible. I certainly think my public school accent is an advantage."

But away from the business world, a well-rounded accent can be worth any amount of perfect vowel sounds.

The cheerful, perky cockney noise that means Jack Warner, the fruitfully note that tells you Gilbert Harding is on again. The deep, dependable rumble of J. D. Pritchley. The slow, rich Dorset drawl of Ralph Wightman.

Would any of them have been heard again if their voices had not been so memorable?

"Until I heard myself on tape I always thought I spoke normal public school English," said Ralph Wightman, who wondered why producers kept on using me again and again. And then I realised it was that strange West Country Canadian accent."

OVERBOARD
Show business is one of two businesses where a cockney doesn't have to try and sound like somebody else. Although a lot of them try.

"I started out by aping the Americans like everybody else," said Max Bygraves from Bermuda. "But then I realised that my cockney accent was a help not a hindrance. I'm off to America."

My first record to be released there is a great success. I'm convinced it's quite ordinary. The Americans have gone overboard for cockney at the moment."

The other business? Politics, of course. Ernie Bevin got to the top dropping his H's around with the rapidly of a dancer shedding fans at the Folies.

While it is ideal for a Socialist candidate to talk Welsh like Nye and cockney like Herbert to show that they are one of the boys, it is even more vital for a Tory not to sound as though he is putting on side.

Said Stephen McAdden, Bateman-born Tory member for Southend East: "For the Tory Party it is a great asset not to sound too posh-nosed. It is useful for a man in public life to have an accent that can't be placed. Nobody ever knows where I come from."

Nightly, at Drury Lane, Rex Harrison channels an inescapable truth: "An Englishman's way of speaking, absolutely, classifies him. The moment he talks he makes some other Englishman despise him."

So, unless you're considering a career on the telly, on the radio or in Parliament, it's best to practise standard English. Nobody despises that. Nobody even notices it.

Shirley Lowe
(London Express Service)

GANDE, PRICE & CO., LTD.

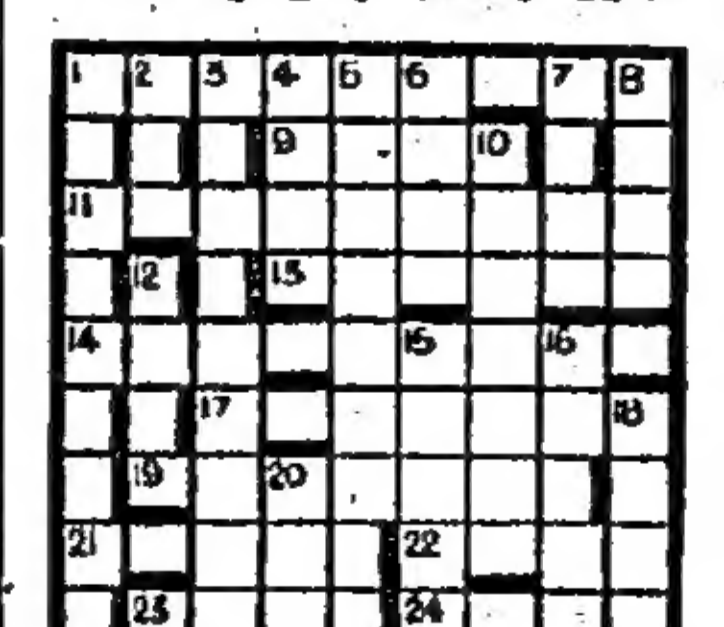
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GIRARD COGNAC

CROSSWORD



- Across
- Little by little. (4)
 - Way out. (4)
 - Fruit given. (6, 8)
 - Steps. (6)
 - Grand arrival. (8, 9)
 - Invitation to harvest moon. (8, 9)
 - British poets on Continents. (7)
 - Pipe in the old days. (5)
 - Features. (4)
 22. Insects. (4)
 - Powdery particles. (4)
- Down
- Theatre. (6)
 2. Spirit. (8)
 - Purpose. (4)
 - Early Irishman. (4)
 - Elaborate. (6)
 23. Vowel. (4)
 24. Out. (4)
 10. Dis. (4)
 11. Apartment. (4)
 12. 1000. (4)
 13. 1000. (4)
 14. 1000. (4)
 15. 1000. (4)
 16. 1000. (4)
 17. 1000. (4)
 18. 1000. (4)
 19. 1000. (4)
 20. 1000. (4)
 21. 1000. (4)
 22. 1000. (4)
 23. 1000. (4)
 24. 1000. (4)

WEEKEND Friell



"Of course you won't get an overdraft just by asking for it; you have to put up a pretty strong case."



"Sure that letter to Malik was a fake, captain. None of our men go in for literary efforts as long as 450 words."

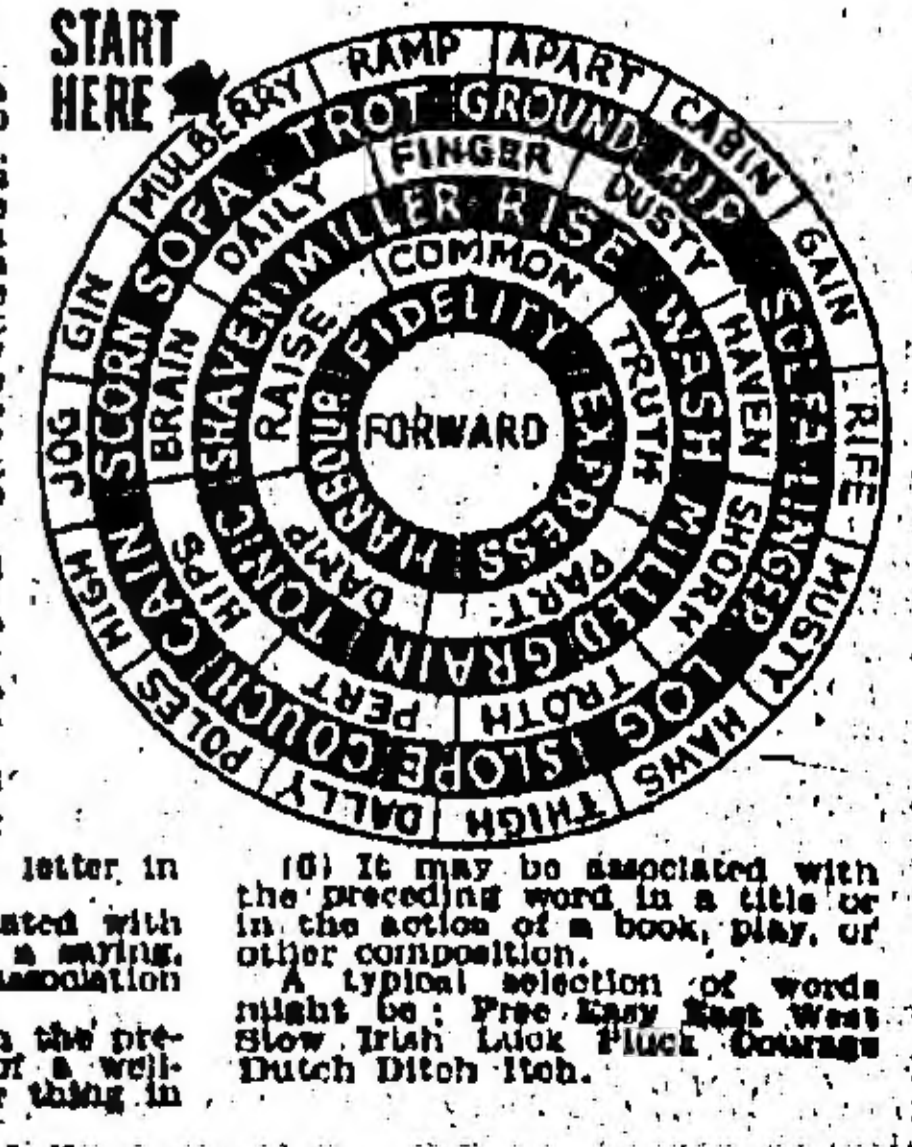


"He promised me I would never hear him answering anyone back again!"

London Express Service

DARTWORDS START HERE

On the right is a circle containing 20 words. The first word is **START**. The last word is **FINISH**. The words in between are arranged in a circle. The words are: **START, FINISH, FORWARD, BACKWARD, UPWARD, DOWNWARD, INWARD, OUTWARD, AHEAD, BEHIND, ABOVE, BELOW, INSIDE, OUTSIDE, NEXT, PREVIOUS, EARLY, LATE, FIRST, LAST, BEGINNING, END, START, FINISH.**



(Solution on Page 28)

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

Society's Top Reporter Reveals The Inside Story

NEW YORK'S RICHEST WOMEN

THE 'DIAMOND DOZEN' SPARKLES IN MANY WAYS

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

THE richest woman in New York seldom lunches at the Colony or Le Pavillon. The mint coat she wears is six years old and the limousine which drops her off at the Plaza at teatime is a 1955 model. Although her personal fortune could operate the city of Pittsburgh for a whole year, build five Empire State Buildings or pay the salaries of future U.S. Presidents until the year 7280, she rarely carries more than \$10 in her purse.

She could pay off the staggering tax debt of \$1,250,000 that Joe Louis owes the government out of one year's income and still have more than \$10,000,000 left over for herself. She gets richer at the rate of \$1,400 every hour she lives not off the income from her vast fortune, but off the income of the income.

Thus, like the 11 other New York women who comprise the "Diamond Dozen," this feminine Fork Knox may relax in the realization that her wealth is constantly snowballing and must survive as long as the nation itself survives.

★ ★ ★

DESPITE HER IMMENSE WEALTH, the name of the richest woman in New York is far from a familiar one, even to her neighbours. She is painfully shy of publicity, believing that a lady should have her name mentioned in the newspapers just three times in her life—when she is born, when she marries and when she dies.

She relaxes this rigid rule on publicity only when she allows her name to be mentioned in connection with one of the many charitable or philanthropic causes in which she has long been deeply interested.

She spends little on herself, shunning the Balmain gowns she could order by the dozens, the gems she might buy in handfuls and the furs with which she could earn her clients, preferring instead to live altogether as modestly as the wives of many a \$100,000-a-year executive.

Her name is MRS MELLON BRUCE and she is worth between \$400,000,000 and \$700,000,000, although she is unable accurately to estimate her fortune, nor can her lawyers, brokers or bankers evaluate her wealth exactly.

★ ★ ★

WHILE MRS BRUCE ENJOYS the anonymity of great riches, living a quiet life behind a curtain of wealth, the "poorest" of these 12 top "Doughgirls" is a free-spender of dollars who lives a lavish existence, travelling about the world in search of happiness and husbands, seldom finding either on more than a temporary basis.

In her 45 years she has had six husbands and has been, in turn, a Princess, a Countess, the wife of a movie idol, a Princess again, the bride of a playboy diplomat and finally a Baroness. Her marriages have cost her more than \$1,000,000 of her original \$47,000,000 in divorce settlements, but she is hopeful of marrying again as soon as she sheds her present mate.

Her name, of course, is BARBARA HUTTON.

Ranging between Mrs Bruce at the top and Miss Hutton at the bottom are 10 other very rich women of New York, all of whom will be discussed in this series and each of whom represents a particular attitude toward extreme wealth, from the extreme conservative to the utterly foolish.

Few of these women would consent to be interviewed on the subject of their wealth, so in preparing this series we concentrated on talking with the people whose lives touch upon theirs—their families, their lawyers, their bankers and brokers and the neighbours who rub elbows with them in New York, Newport and Palm Beach.

We spoke to salesgirls who have shown them hats and dresses in the fashionable Fifth Ave. shops, the hairdressers who style their coiffures, and to those most likely to know their virtues and their shortcomings—their servants.

From these people we have managed to piece together the portraits of our 12 richest women. Like quick sketches, they can't have the great detail of an oil painting, but we believe these word pictures are both revealing and interesting.

★ ★ ★

FRANKLY, WE THINK most readers will be amazed at some of the things they will learn about the very rich and the problems which come with being extremely wealthy, the greatest of which seems to be the difficulty in feeling "necessary." "Believe it or not," one of these rich, rich women told a friend recently, "my biggest problem is in finding something that I ought to do. It isn't easy when you never really have had to do anything."

The average newspaper reader has learned to associate names like Gloria Vanderbilt and Brenda Frazier with great wealth, but they are not remotely in a class with the Diamond Dozen we will present. The degree of their wealth can be imagined from the fact that Barbara Hutton, with a fortune of perhaps \$50,000,000, is at the bottom of the list.

★ ★ ★

FOR THE SAKE of simplifying our task, we have broken the list down into four distinct categories: The Self-Made Women, The Parayers of Wealth, The Fabulous Hostesses and The Free-Spenders.

Only one of our 12 accumulated a fortune on her own. Three of them have substantially increased their inheritances through shrewd business sense. Five are content to live on a grand scale without particularly bothering to build on their bonanzas, while the remaining three are spendthrift playgirls who are frequently divorced and often in the tabloids.

In addition to Mrs Bruce and Miss Hutton, our list includes:

PRINCESS GOURIELLI (HELENA RUBINSTEIN)
MARY ROEBLING
MRS MORTON DOWNEY
MRS FREDERICK GUEST
MRS CHARLES SHIFFMAN PAYSON
MRS JEAN MAIZE
MRS JAMES DONAHUE
MRS WILLIAM BURDEN
MRS IVOR BEYCE
DORIS DUKE



RICHEST OF THE RICH

MRS MELLON BRUCE

The stories of a few of these women are grandly impressive, like a rich tapestry hung in a museum. The story of one of the 12 is as inspiring as an infant's first cry and the histories of one or two of the others is as trite as the latest cliché.

★ ★ ★

IN VIEW of the fact that two-thirds of the wealth in the U.S. is in the hands of women, we intend to discuss the manner in which each of our 12 arrived in the rarified atmosphere of the richest women, whether by family inheritance, marriage or personal effort.

We'll examine their diverse attitudes toward their fortunes and their philosophies of life. We will discover their likes and dislikes, their hobbies, habits and idiosyncrasies. And we will discuss their husbands and happiness, both past and prospective.

"I can't understand why I should be of interest to any of your readers," one of these 12 women told us in refusing an interview. "I live quietly and sanely. I eat food, drink liquids and occasionally catch cold just like everyone else. I'm really no different than the woman who sat next to you last night at the movies."



POOREST OF THE RICH

BARBARA HUTTON

GOOD FOOD FOR BRIDE'S FIRST, DINNER PARTIES

By ALICE DENHOFF

YOUNG brides who are planning their first dinner parties will welcome the following recipes which belie their easy preparation. The secret of their good taste is the judicious use of seasoning.

Here is a thrifty dish which can be warmed over for the next day's lunch or supper.

To serve 6, combine 1½ c. (10-oz. can) drained kernel corn, 2½ c. canned tomatoes, 1½ tsp. crumbled whole oregano leaves, 1 tsp. salt, 1/16 tsp. ground black pepper and ½ c. diced onion.

Cut 4 frankfurters into ½-in. pieces and add to vegetables. Turn into a 1½-qt. casserole. Bake 45 min. in preheated oven (375° F.).

The spices really work magic in transforming these simple ingredients into a tasty main dish.

Glamorous Dessert

To top off that first dinner party, here's a dessert that is quite glamorous, yet inexpensive and easy to make. To serve 6, cook a 3-oz. pkg. of chocolate pudding according to pkg. directions.

Add ¼ tsp. ground cinnamon, ¼ tsp. ground nutmeg and 3 finely chopped marshmallows. Roll 10 vanilla wafers into crumbs.

Arrange alternate layers of chocolate pudding and crumbs in parfait glasses. Top each with a dab of whipped cream, then a sprinkle of nutmeg.

Fried Chicken Special

Since most people enjoy fried chicken, here's a way to make a hit with guests.

To serve 4, use a 2½-lb. frozen fried chicken—that's the big time-and-effort-saver.

Place chicken in a 1½-qt. casserole, or in an 8 or 9-in. square baking dish. Place in a preheated hot oven (400° F.) to heat.

Meanwhile, mix a 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup with ½ c. milk, ¼ tsp. onion salt and ¼ tsp. crumbled marjoram leaves. Heat thoroughly and pour over chicken.

Cover and bake 45 to 60 min. or until very hot. Remove cover during last 10 min. of baking period.

Wash colour into your hair



with

Helena Rubinstein's

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Brunette-Tone Shampoo—gives black or dark brown hair a glorious satin sheen; repels dull, rusty look with new depth and highlights. Blends in sun—discolours and even, glossy beauty.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 19

BORN today, you are strictly an individualist and quite sufficient unto yourself. In fact, you are a little too much the "lone wolf" type for this highly socialized world. Most people can't understand a person who wants to climb up into an ivory tower to "be alone." You are original and inventive, and if you are going to properly develop your ideas, you need time and solitude to do it. Then, once you have an idea stirring, you are glad to come down from the mountain and mix with the world again. This perhaps pertains more to you men, since your interests are more naturally directed toward an early success in a career.

You women are more socially-minded and you will find your major interests centred around your own home. You will want to wed at an early age and have your own family growing up around you. In fact, you are quite often the type who makes your family your entire career. However, the stars have given you intellectual talents and you should select one of the arts as a hobby. You are a fine manager, so you can take on all manner of club and organization work "without neglecting your household duties."

Both of you men and women have strong emotions and your romantic life is likely to be an exciting one! Fond of travel, it is possible that during your early years you will get to visit many of the far places on earth. Later, it is likely you will want to settle down, except for occasional quick trips to places you have previously visited.

Among those born on this date were: Dr Charles Horace Mayo, noted surgeon; Samuel Colt, inventor and firearms manufacturer; Julius Caesar, Roman patriot; Edward Charles Pickering, astronomer; Alexander Dallas Bache, scientist; Gottfried Keller and A. J. Cronin, authors, and Hilarie Degras, French painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 20

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A good day for a visit to nearby relatives. Don't be impatient if there is a delay. Stay calm and all works out well.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Complications this morning will disappear by early afternoon, when you can follow through with all your plans.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fine day, but be prepared for a sudden change in your plans—probably to your eventual advantage.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Make this a rest day of rest and keep clear of disruptive influences. Revitalize your energies.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If planning a trip, you may find that there are some delays. Stay calm; be patient. Then you can solve all problems.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—Seek spiritual guidance. You are perplexed today, but you will find inspiration and encouragement in so doing.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A promising day for you, but you could err in judgment and confuse things beyond repair! Be astute and tactful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A friendly meeting with those in your community may bring an increased interest in neighbourhood affairs.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—After your morning devotion, devote the balance of your day to a pleasant, relaxing outing. Fresh air will be good for you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—There may be delays in your afternoon plans, but by evening all should be operating according to schedule.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may have a slow start early this morning, but as the day advances, conditions improve.

GENUINE (May 22-June 21)—A fine day, once it gets going! Get some extra rest this morning; all is fine after that!

SUNDAY, JULY 20

BORN today, you have been given a good mind by the stars but you are a little too inclined to utilize it for trivia. In other words, you will put as much thought and energy into some unimportant matter as you should on something of vital importance to your future. Perhaps your judgment for deciding what is important and what is unimportant is not as clear as it should be. Learn how to develop your capabilities in this direction. The stars have given you considerable versatility and it is probably this which makes it so difficult for you to make definite choices.

Once, however, you have selected a major area of operation, you should go far. Your talents entitle you to great professional and material success in life. You are, more than any others, the complete master of your own fate. You are a perfectionist—this stems from your natural attention to detail—and you want everything you do to be exact and precise. You are apt to be impatient with those who rush things through, slap-dash.

Although your emotions are strong and deep, you are rather shy and are naturally un demonstrative. If you were able to develop a gift for being a better social mixer, life probably would be more pleasant for you. Your loyalties are deep and your marriage should bring great happiness.

Among those born on this date were: Petrarch, Italian poet; Sir Clements Markham, geographer; Count Herman Keyserling, social philosopher; King George II of Greece, and Augustin Daly, actor and producer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 21

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Make an effort today to be outgoing and join your neighbours in some community event.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Combine domestic and career affairs with mutual advantage to both aspects of your life. Enjoy yourself.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A good day for business detail. Perhaps your social contacts will further your career interests, as well.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Start the new week with a bold proposal in business. You can forget about caution.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Being co-operative with others in their prospective plans will be of great assistance to your own progress.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—Combine business and social contacts to your best advantage. Social clubs are highly favoured.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Artistic efforts can advance favourably today. Some important friend can give you prestige a big boost.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Romance takes the spotlight. You may make or receive a proposal today. And, make up your mind about it, too!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Co-operative financial matters are up for consideration. If a budget needs rearranging, do it now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Social contacts today can increase goodwill in business and improve personal relations, as well.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Plan co-operative action with your business partners. You should find that your prestige is much improved.

GENUINE (May 22-June 21)—A calculated risk: be self-reliant and get exactly what you want the most. Ask and you should receive!



ABOVE RIGHT: Miss Diana Ma, a Hongkong beauty specialist gave a demonstration on the art of make-up last Friday to members of the Indian Women's Club on the premises of the Indonesian Club.



★
ABOVE: The Vice-Mayor of Manila, Mr. Jesus M. Rocas (checked shirt) caused a minor sensation this week when he ignored a P.I. government ban and entered China on a 45-day tour. Seen here with reporters at the airport, Mr. Rocas said later: "I'm on a search for knowledge."

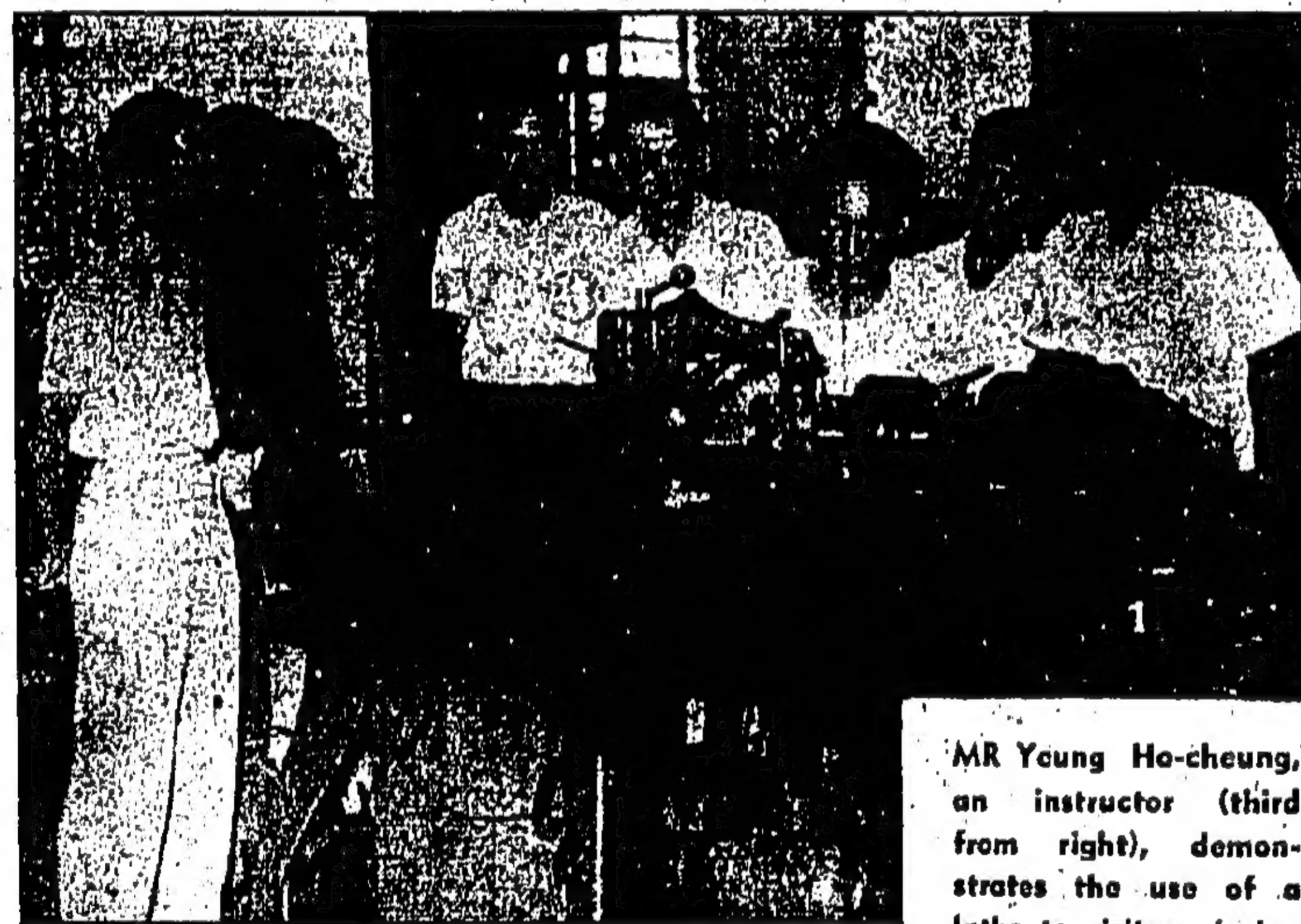


★
LEFT: The Hon. M. W. Turner (right) is presented with a key by Mr. A. J. Brandt shortly before he officially opened the new True Light Primary School building at Caine Road last Saturday.



ABOVE: Radio Hongkong's John Wallace interviews Mr. Maurice Silverstein, first Vice-President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who arrived in the Colony on Tuesday on a tour of the Pacific.

★
BELOW: His Excellency the Governor chats with the French Consul-General, M. Gerard Raoul-Duval, during a reception at the Hongkong Club to celebrate Bastille Day, July 14.



MR Young Ho-cheung, an instructor (third from right), demonstrates the use of a lathe to visitors during the Aberdeen Trade School "Open Day" held last Saturday.



MISS Maxine Li (left) chats with Miss K. D. Cherry, Principal of St Stephen's Girls' College, during the School's Old Girls' Alumni ball held at the Paramount Restaurant last Saturday.



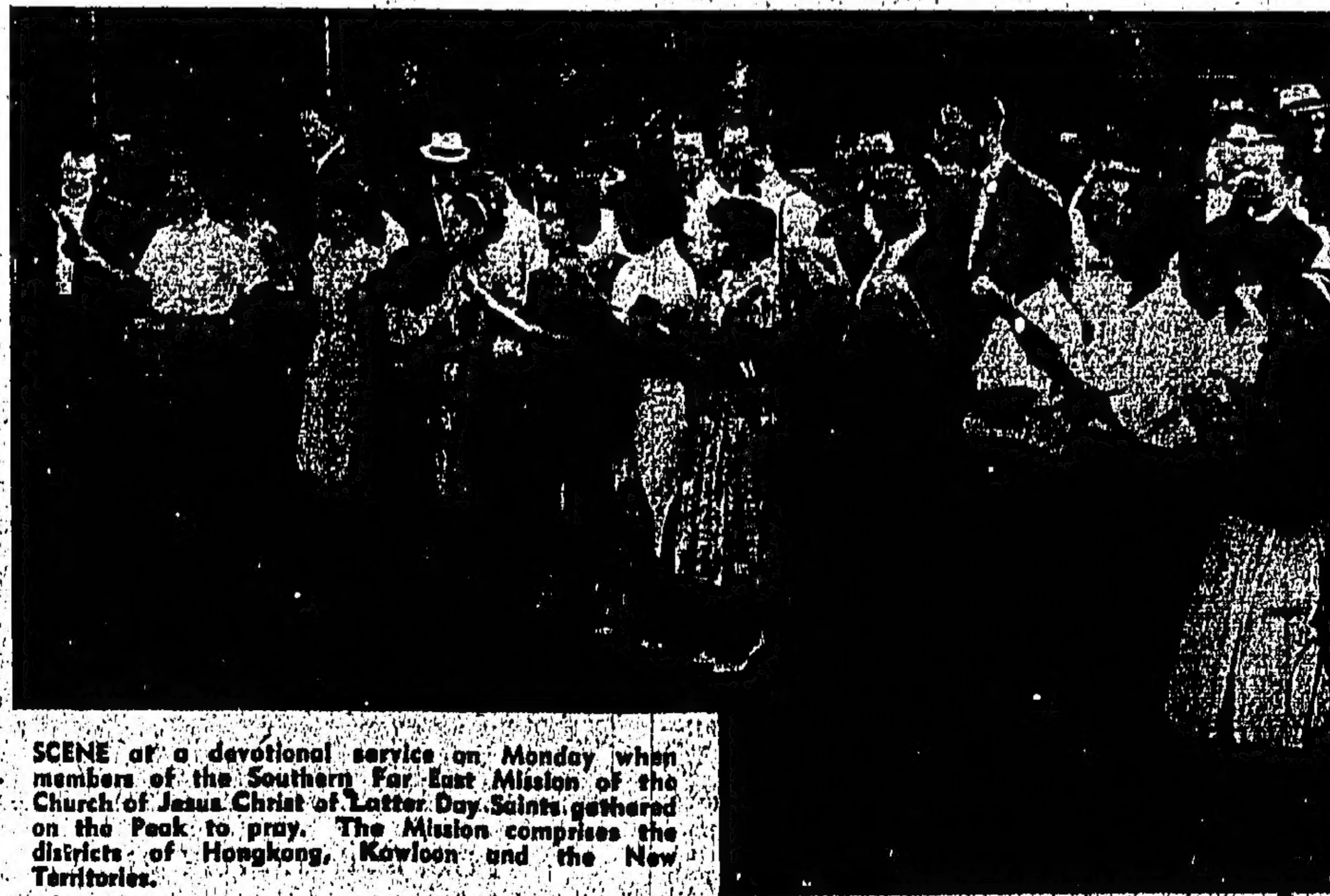
ABOVE: Sharing a joke with members of the Press is Lt-Gen. Sir Richard Hull, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, who arrived in the Colony on Monday for his first official visit here since taking up his appointment.

By China Mail Photographers

RIGHT: Mr. K. H. Yuen, assistant Director of Education (right) shakes hands with Mr. L. G. Morgan, acting Director of Education, during a dinner given for him by his colleagues last Friday on the occasion of his retirement.



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SCENE at a devotional service on Monday when members of the Southern Far East Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints gathered on the Peak to pray. The Mission comprises the districts of Hongkong, Kowloon and the New Territories.

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ABOVE: The start of one of the races during the Minden Row School swimming gala at the European YMCA on Wednesday. Trophies were later distributed by Lady Bastyan, wife of the Commander British Forces, Hongkong.



LEFT: American school teacher, Mrs Joanne Ross, 24, and her husband, after their arrival in the Colony on the ss President Hoover this week. Mrs Ross won a 50-day all expenses-paid trip to the Orient and the title "Queen For A Day" in a television contest.



ABOVE: Miss B. M. Kotalwall, principal of St Paul's College (Co-ed), presents a certificate to Master Chan Kwok-kwong, at the St Stephen's Church Primary P.M. School held on Monday.



ABOVE: Displaying a picture of a glamorous German film star is Mr Bruno Michalk, production manager of the Kurt Ulrich film company of Berlin. He told newsmen he hopes to film a new German production, to be shot in Hongkong.

By CHINA MAIL Photographers

BELOW: Mr D. Benson presents a prize to Miss Chan Yuk-cheung during the speech day of the Hongkong Juvenile Care Centre school this week.

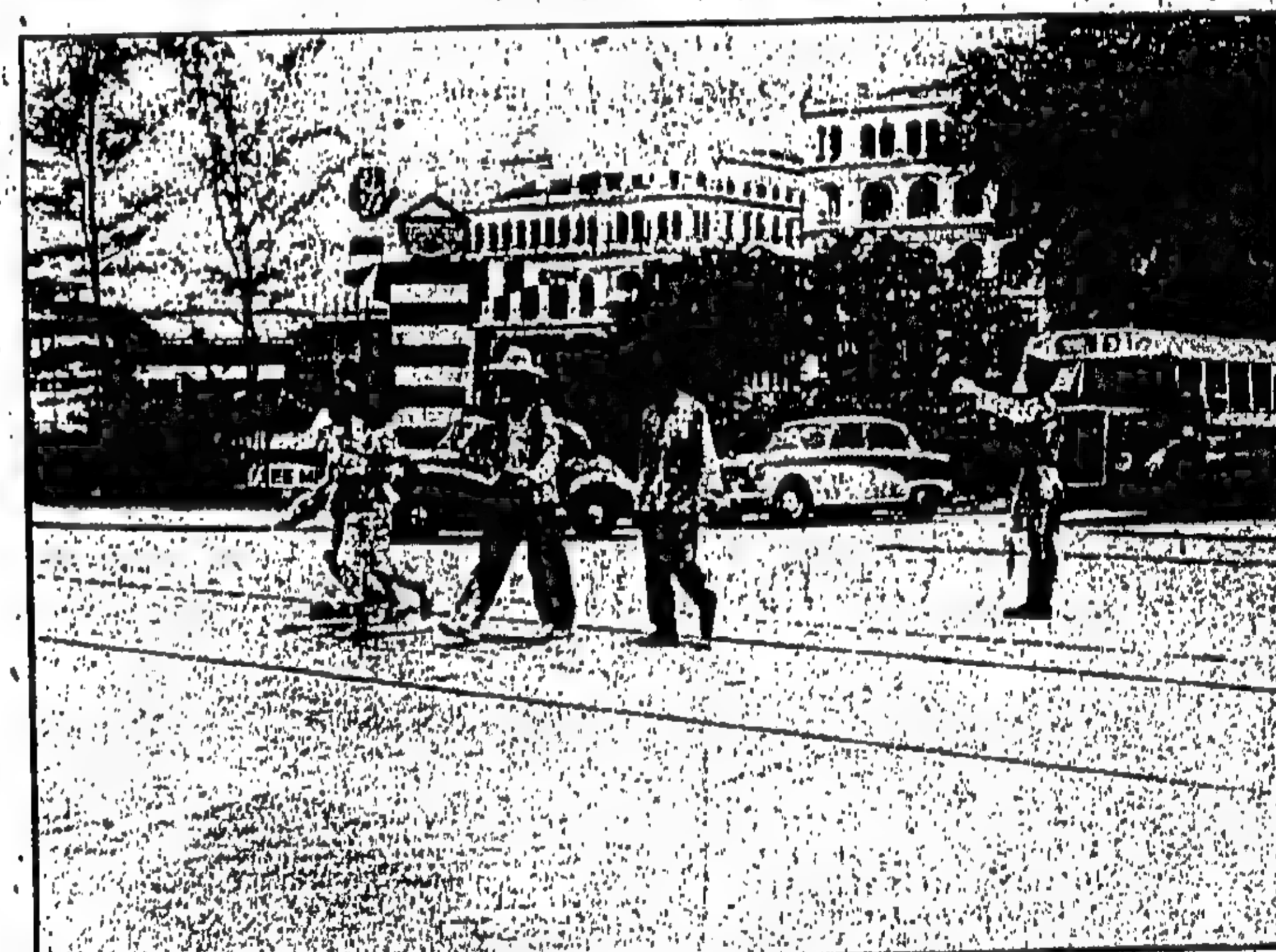


ABOVE LEFT: Mrs Chung Han-ki presents a certificate to little Miss Fung Mei-yee, one of the graduates, during the St Stephen's Church Kindergarten annual speech-day last Saturday. Seated is the principal, the Rev. Cheung Wing-ngok.

RIGHT: Mr R. E. Lee, President of the Kowloon Cricket Club, presents a farewell souvenir to Mr James A. Hudson, outgoing Organising Commissioner for Scouting in Hongkong, during a function held at the club this week. Mr and Mrs Hudson are leaving for another post in New Zealand.



THE Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce held a "Hawaiian Night" at the Victoria Recreation Club, Deep Water Bay, last week. Some of the Jaycees are seen above helping themselves at the buffet.



ABOVE: "Mr Zebra," aided by a Traffic Constable, sees several pedestrians safely across the Queen's Road crossing at the bottom of Garden Road during the week's road safety campaign.

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THIRTY volunteers at the Police Training School in Aberdeen donated blood to the British Red Cross Blood Bank on Wednesday. Pictured are two donors chatting with their officers while members of the Red Cross collect their blood.

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Going Back To England?

Seriously, I say women cook too much and cook far too late

by HELEN BURKE

MY proposition is this: that a great many women with young children work too hard, cook too much, too often, and start cooking too late.

All this overdoes them and, far too often, makes them poor companions at their evening meal.

I believe that shopping for the raw materials for main dishes can be done on two days a week, each time in one expedition, and that, generally, only two days a week need be devoted to cooking or partially cooking main dishes, several of which can be prepared at the one session in little more time than it takes for one dish alone.

Last week I set out to prove this to be one of the most over-worked young mothers I know. Pamela Hurt is the British wife of Harry, an American who is a teacher at the American School in London.

Their children are Elizabeth, 6½, who was born in the United States, and Darrell, 2½, born in England. The family lives in a large basement flat in Lowndes Square.

THREE DAYS

"I've never thought of buying food for three days and cooking it as well," said Pamela, "because I might not want what I had planned on the second and third days." Fair enough—but she agreed to co-operate with me and so we planned our first main meals for three days.

MONDAY: Cream of onion soup with Parmesan cheese; "Frikadeller" (Danish meat cakes), new peas and potatoes; cold pears with apricot glaze.

TUESDAY: Beef olives, brand beans and new potatoes; black-currant ice cream.

WEDNESDAY: Chicken and mushrooms in cream sauce, new potatoes (none of the family like rice), and green salad; gooseberry tart.

FRIKADELLER for Monday

For these I bought 1½ lb. minced "pie" meat to which I added a tablespoon of flour and a finely chopped onion gently cooked to the clear stage in a little butter. I slowly stirred in almost ½ pint milk and added seasoning to taste. The mixture was then ready to be dropped in tablespoons on to a wet enamel tray and each flattened out with a wet palette knife.

When the vegetables were being dish up, I fried the "meat" on both sides in a little dripping and, in five minutes in all, they were ready.

VERDICT: The father and mother enjoyed the frikadeller. Darrell would not eat his. "Give him a slice of lamb or a piece of steak and he is happy," his mother said. (There I thought, is a future husband whose wife had better not try anything new), Elizabeth, whose criticism could have been devastating, thought them "good." She ate Darrell's share as well as her own.

BEEF OLIVES

for Tuesday

These were prepared on this same "cooking day."

Here is the recipe. Have six thin slices of top-side beef, about

three ounces each. Flatten them out, much thinner. Lightly fry together a chopped small onion and clove of garlic and two chopped rashers of streaky bacon. Remove. Add six tablespoons breadcrumbs, a pinch each of thyme, grated lemon rind and nutmeg and pepper and salt to taste.

Place a portion on each slice then roll up and tie. Heat a little dripping in a pan, add a good pinch of sugar, then gently fry the "olives" all over to a warm gold. Add two chopped skinned tomatoes and boiling water to cover. Put on the lid tightly and simmer very slowly for two hours.

Pamela emptied the beef "olives" into a basin, cooled and placed them in the refrigerator. All she had to do next was to gently warm the "olives" in an entrée dish. Bring the stock to the boil and stir into it a pint dessertspoon of arrowroot blended in a tablespoon of water. The sauce clears at once and is poured over the "olives" and a little chopped parsley is sprinkled on top.

Make the black-currant ice cream this way. Whip together ½ pint double cream and four good tablespoons icing sugar until the whisk leaves a trail when drawn through the mixture. Stir in as much black-currant purée (tinned) as the cream will take. Pour into an ice tray and freeze in the refrigerator at "coldest." The dial can then be turned to "normal."

Macaroons were served with this frozen sweet.

VERDICT: All but Darrell took and liked the "olives" straight. Darrell's mother had to untie his, scrape off the stuffing and flatten out the meat itself so that it appeared as one of his favourite "slices." But he loved the ice cream!

Elizabeth's criticism of this was, probably, justified. "A little sharp." But that is how I like



Pamela Hurt is watched by her children, Elizabeth and Darrell, as she prepares one of the meals she planned with Helen Burke.

it. Her mother will, perhaps, use less black-currant purée or more sugar?

I joined a 3½ chicken. Covered the pieces with water, added a bouquet garni, an onion and pepper and salt and gently poached it for one hour. I peeled off the skin and removed the bones. Placed the best pieces in a dish and covered them with strained stock. When cold, this dish was covered and placed in the refrigerator. (The remainder of the chicken and giblets could be used in a pie or soup and so on.)

Cream sauce. To make the

sauce gently heat the chicken in the stock and strain it. Simmer 1 level tablespoon flour in 2

walnuts butter without colouring. Remove and stir in ½ pint strained chicken stock. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add 2oz. thinly sliced mushrooms, first cooked in a

walnut of butter, a tablespoon water and a teaspoon lemon juice (to keep them white) for 5 minutes, covered. Stir in 3

tablespoons double cream, heat through, pour over the heated

pieces of chicken and serve.

For the Gooseberry Tart, the

butter and lard were rubbed into

the flour and stored in the refri-

gerator to be finished off by Pamela when required.

And for the rest...

THURSDAY: Grilled broasted lamb cutlets with mignonette and ham and tomato sauce. French beans; strawberry shortcake.

FRIDAY: Poached salmon and mayonnaise.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY: Roast rolled rib of beef and potato salad; chocolate mousse. Fresh fruit.

(London Express Service).

YOUNG MOTHER SAYS 'I'M BORED'

MRS JEANNETTE PAROS is a pretty young mother who ought not to have a care in the world. She is happily married to a prosperous young engineer. They live in a pleasant, four-roomed bungalow on an Edgware housing estate. They have a six-month-old daughter, Sharon.

And yet this young wife—with everything that most women desire—is bored. Desperately bored.

Looking round her pretty, spotlessly clean house; looking at the pump, smiling, sunburnt baby lying in her pram, I found it hard to believe. So many women would envy her. But as Jeannette talked to me, I began to understand why.

It is all too easy. She is a swift and systematic worker—and her housework is done before the morning is half over. Sharon is a placid baby—and with all the resources of modern baby-care, looking after her takes up only two hours a day.

Jeannette has too much free time. Too little to do.

"Sharon is no trouble," she told me. "I gave up work a year before she was born. Friends told me that looking after her and the house would take up every minute of my time. It doesn't."

"I feed her three times a day—instead of the traditional five—and she's much more contented on it. I give her tinned strained foods and cereal—all easy to prepare—as well as milk."

I use the Nappy Service: for 8s. 6d. a week they call three times, wash up to 42 nappies. And most of Sharon's clothes are

Terylene, nylon or non-iron fabrics, so there's practically no ironing to do.

"The housework is finished by 10.30 most days. And I have help twice a week for the heavier work."

"Stephen and I both like fairly simple food, so our suppers are mostly fish—steaks, chops, hamburgers—that take no time at all to do—with frozen vegetables."

"So you see, running a home and baby is practically no trouble at all. I have hours of free time. And that, precisely, is her problem. She has too much spare time. It is the problem of thousands of young wives like her who have small homes to run, and all the time—and trouble—saving resources of modern invention to make their work quick and easy."

Until she gave it up 18 months ago, 28-year-old Jeannette had been a secretary for eight years. "I loved the work of it, the work, meeting people, looking round the shops at lunchtime. Now I am practically tied to a house."

Shopping

"I look at the local shops—but you cannot look at them for ever. I enjoy gardening, but our garden is small."

It is, of course, true that not all young mothers can afford to feed their husbands on simple-to-cook steaks and chops; or send the nappies out to the wash; or even afford a twice a week help.

But in essence, I believe, Jeannette Paros's problem is one that faces too many young wives today.

We have taken the drudgery and the toll out of a housewife's life. Have we also taken the joy? (London Express Service).

GIRL COMBINING SUNSHINE INTO HER HAIR!

By JOY MATTHEWS

NEWEST approach to the sun this year is not on the beaches but in the bleaches. Now a girl who wants to put a bit of sunshine into her hair can turn to the bottles, the sprays, the shampoos, and the paintbrush instead of the sun. Newest idea to scorch its way into the hair comes from the tube, just like toothpaste, and looks like a sort of brilliantine.

It bleaches faster and less furiously than any other stuff I've seen around.

You can literally just pop into the cream, comb it through your hair, and set it. When it is dry—and it takes only about 10 minutes—your hair is a shade lighter.

If you want to turn yourself into a real blonde bombshell, then just do the job again and again. You don't have to wash your hair; in fact, they ask you to put it on dry.

The action of bleaching continues for a day or so, and don't come out when you wash it. It is also supposed to be an excellent hair conditioner.

The tube costs 4s. 6d. No guarantee how long it will last—just depends on how blonde you want to go.

Colour is all

It's colour that makes us show the colour of our money. I've been talking to an ad-man about the subtle something that makes us buy one product instead of another, and that something turns out to be the colour of the package.

He says: "Scarlet for chocolate biscuits. The same biscuits wrapped in silver did not sell nearly so well."

"Blue and white for cigarettes. The more 'elegant' brands since the war have been packaged in these colours."

"Gold for soap. Several brands that used to be wrapped in transparent paper have had to go over to the luxury, gold look."

"Blue and red and white for toothpaste. People demand clean, clear-looking colours with bold lettering."

And biggest change given us of all? "Pale, pastel colours for cosmetics. No woman buys cosmetics in bright, garish colours. They associate them with a painted, brazen hussy."

Slimmers

At St Tropez, where the season started early this year, fashionable young Parisiennes are slimming alone before their husbands join them in August.

Yogurt and cottage cheese are used in unusual ways to beat the calorie count. Yogurt replaces oil and vinegar as

because they have such mild counterpoints and unmatching bedheads. They look as if they were unmade and had just had a counterpane thrown over them."

He gave me an idea for a pretty bedhead for those who can't afford a proper one.

"Buy a Victorian over-mantel mirror—they cost about £3, or less if the mirror glass is already missing. Then paint the frame with an emulsion paint or a paint with a matt finish."

"The colour of the frame should repeat the principal colour in the room. Or it can match the carpet or bedcover—but not the wall."

"Cut out a backing of hard-board or plywood the shape of the missing mirror glass, cover with kapok, and cover again with plain glazed chintz."

"Stick this on to the hard-board with plastic glue, then secure the panel to the painted frame with ordinary panel pins—

you can buy them from any ironmongers. They'll know what you mean."

BEST designed china of the year—according to the Italians who awarded it a gold medal—is selling for one of the best designed prices. It really is china.

to start with, not pottery. It is made in a thin, translucent porcelain in white and the colour of ripe olives. A 36-piece dinner service costs £15 15s—

that is less than 10s. a piece. You cannot buy the pieces separately from the first—but if you drop a plate or two you can replace them. A 10in. plate costs only 7s. 6d.

New approach

YET another Spaniard is trying his hand at designing French clothes. Serge Maita, born in Chile but Spanish all the same, is showing his first collection of couture clothes this month to the Press and the buyers.

Monsieur Maita is 35 years old and is not in with the 30-year-olds with his dresses.

"I do not approve of the bubble, the chemise, the trapeze, and the ballet in 'clothes,'" he told me. "I like women with beautiful bodies, and I like them to show them off."

"After all, God created women with waists and hips and—well other things—and they should not disguise them with these frightful loose things. Women are not happy, husbands are not happy, so I plan to make some order once again."

"My collection will be for the women of 20. They have just attained sophistication—and I like sophisticated clothes."

MIX AND MATCH idea has now spread to bathrooms. A sunny south effect I saw this week was done with a mimosa coloured towelling striped with uneven black and white lines. The towelling can be bought by the yard for 14s. 11d. It is a new French one, and you'll need 1½ yards for a good-sized towel—that is £1 2s. 4½d. per towel. Best in stark white bathrooms. You can also get the towelling in bright Mediterranean blue.

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The Before and After in the life of Miss Bartok

THOMAS WISEMAN'S LIMELIGHT

EVA BARTOK said she wished to discuss only her career as an actress, and I said that limited the conversation somewhat.

Miss Bartok desperately—and I am sure sincerely—wants to be considered an actress. But does anyone remember her because of the films she has made? To remedy this unfortunate situation, I propose to tell you something about Miss Bartok that is indisputably new: she is going to make a film. It is called *Operation Amsterdam*. Her co-star is Peter Finch. And the Rank Organisation are making it.

Miss Bartok maintains it is only in England that her acting abilities have so far been unused. On the Continent she is known as an actress.

DISCIPLE

Here, of course, she is known for other things: for her hair, her friends, her husbands, her baby and her conversion to Subudism.

As the highly publicised disciple of Pat Subu, an Indonesian mystic, Miss Bartok has attained the pinnacle of her career. As a brilliant publicist, if the world knows about Subu, it is thanks to her. Prophets, like everybody else these days, must advertise, and Miss Bartok makes an excellent commercial of the *Before* and *After* type.

"Since I heard about Subu," says Miss Bartok, "I have become a different woman. I suffered before. When I came into a room full of people there

was a tightness in my chest and I felt a wall between myself and other people.

"I fought this feeling by being over-gay. But inside I felt awful. Since I discovered Subu it has all been different. Now I feel free and happy and I am not afraid of anything."

NON-STOP

I have no doubt that Miss Bartok is absolutely sincere about her new-found beliefs. You have only to look at her to see how much they have changed her.

Her eyes are sparkling over with bliss and there is a non-stop smile on her face. Only the thought that it is somewhat unnatural to look so blissful gives one cause for scepticism.

The essence of Subu's teachings is explained to me by Miss Bartok, is admirable: that as we become more and more deeply immersed in materialism, it is necessary to have some strong spiritual force to counteract the material forces.

And this is what Subu provides—for Miss Bartok at least.

"I would describe what he has done for me as a miracle," she said, "though he would not. It has affected my whole life. I think it has made me a much better actress."

LIMITED

"Since I became a follower of his I have had my biggest professional success—with a film called *The Doctor from Stalingrad* which was made in Germany."

In reply to my question, she said that it had also affected her attitude to men. She could not now fall in love with a man who

was not in tune with Subu's teachings.

This, she agreed, limited her choice considerably, but declining to say whether the Marquess of Milford Haven who has gone to some of Subu's meetings, was also a convert.

"A man," said Miss Bartok, "who just drinks and dances and has hobbies is no longer enough for me." Nor is the normal film role enough any more. "The parts I'm going to play," said Miss Bartok, "must be real people with human problems. If I were offered some trivial frothy senseless role I would turn it down. I turned down four parts in British films."

NEW HAT

To make the *Before* and *After* metamorphosis complete, Miss Bartok is giving up even the bucket hats which she made famous. She was wearing one during our interview but it was by way of being a farewell performance.

"I am giving up the bucket hats," she said, "I have invented a new kind. But before I start wearing them, I am going to try and get them legally protected."

"The bucket hats cost about £2s to make, but the milliners in Paris copied the style and sold them for 18 guineas. I don't want that to happen again."

"I am going to give out the design to the public so that they can make these hats themselves, and I am going to try and stop the fashion houses from commercialising them."

The teachings of Pat Subu clearly have many ramifications. (London Express Service)

In business now

"What you need," she said brightly, "is a course of Hargitay's Health Glow."

"No doubt," I said. "And what in the world is that?"

"Ah," she said, "that's our marvellous secret. Mickey's and mine."

(Mickey—for those who have just come down from the hills—is Mickey Hargitay, an amiable, 5ft. 2in., Hungarian muscle-man to whom Jayne is married.)

"You see," she said—showing me with photographs, all of which showed herself and Mickey limbering up on a lawn—"we've gone into business. These are to illustrate Hargitay's Health Glow, a do-it-yourself body-building course."

"Of what," I asked, "does this course consist?"

She adjusted her position on the settee. "Well," she said, "there are these wonderful new appliances which Mickey's invented, and special pills, and a diet sheet." She pointed to something in the photographs that looked like the rear axle of a ten-ton truck. "That's one of the appliances, see. You lift that."

"Speak for yourself," I said.

"The course would be great for you," she said, appraising my shape critically. "We'll send you some pills. You're vitamin-starved, like everyone else, and you've had a rotten day."

She put the photographs away. A little sadly, I thought. "You know," she said, "my figure's caused me a lot of heartache. When I first went to Hollywood I was a serious actress. I did a scene from *'St Joan'* for my screen test. The studio said it was all right, but that they had dozens of straight actresses, and none with what I'd got. That's how it all started..."

So happy

She looked out of the window, towards the darkening countryside, past the rose beds and the trees weeping with rain.

"A lot of people now think of me as a whining, giggling idiot," she said. "That's why I'm so happy about this film I'm doing with Kenneth More, *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*. For the first time they're not guffing me."

"Now that you're married," I said, "is your career still so important?"

"If I got them in time," I said, looking at the rain, "they might even build me up for the summer."

FOOTNOTE: If you, too, are a physical wreck, please don't write to me about the course. Miss Mansfield alone knows where the pills are kept.

What I wondered, was that fugitive from the lights, Miss Shirley Ann Field, doing lucked away at Ryde Repertory Theatre in the Isle of Wight?

Had she been banished there by Sir Michael Balcon—whom she is under contract—

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"I won't care if I don't earn as much this summer as they make on those big TV shows—my taxes'll certainly be a lot less!"

Then she heaped herself beside me on the settee, adjusted her slacks, and added: "I'm Arica. My day went fine."

As I made myself comfortable on what was left of the settee she inspected my cuff-links, which she said reminded her of a pair she'd once given to a friend whose name she had now forgotten.

Then she turned her attention to my physical condition. ("I wish I may add, somewhat the worse for wear after a 20-mile drive through a deluge.")

IN SHORT

● I deeply regret my divorce from George Sanders, admits Zsa Zsa Gabor. "Especially as he got the custody of our baller."

● At previous *Night of a Hundred Stars* charity shows, the song-and-dance numbers of Sir Laurence Olivier have had scant opposition. As this year's show on July 24 at the London Palladium however—when he does *Top Hat, White Tie and Tails* with Vivien Leigh and John Mills—there looks like being a big counter-attraction.

For Bert Lancelotti and Kirk Douglas have been passed to repeat the dance they did at the Academy Awards dinner in Hollywood earlier this year.

● I'm sure Marlene Dietrich always adds on a few years—so that people will say how young she looks for her age."—Hollywood columnist Sidney Skolsky

Funny you should ask for stepping out with Frank Sinatra. Instead of concentrating on her dramatic studies? Indeed she had not.

"If you quit now," I said, "how would you live?"

"I'm very thrifty," she said, "and I've got several business interests. Haven't you heard about the Jayne Mansfield hot-water bottle? It's shaped like me. I wish I had one here to give you."

Invasion?

"With the kind of weather we're having," I said, "it ought to be standard issue."

She got up and saw me to the door. She looked soft, warm, and friendly. Not brassy, or voluptuous or lazy.

"I'll send you the pills," she said. "I won't forget. They'll build you up for the winter."

—Actually, no

"Don't you feel safer now that Elvis Presley is in the army protecting you?" pleads an American fan magazine. Not really.

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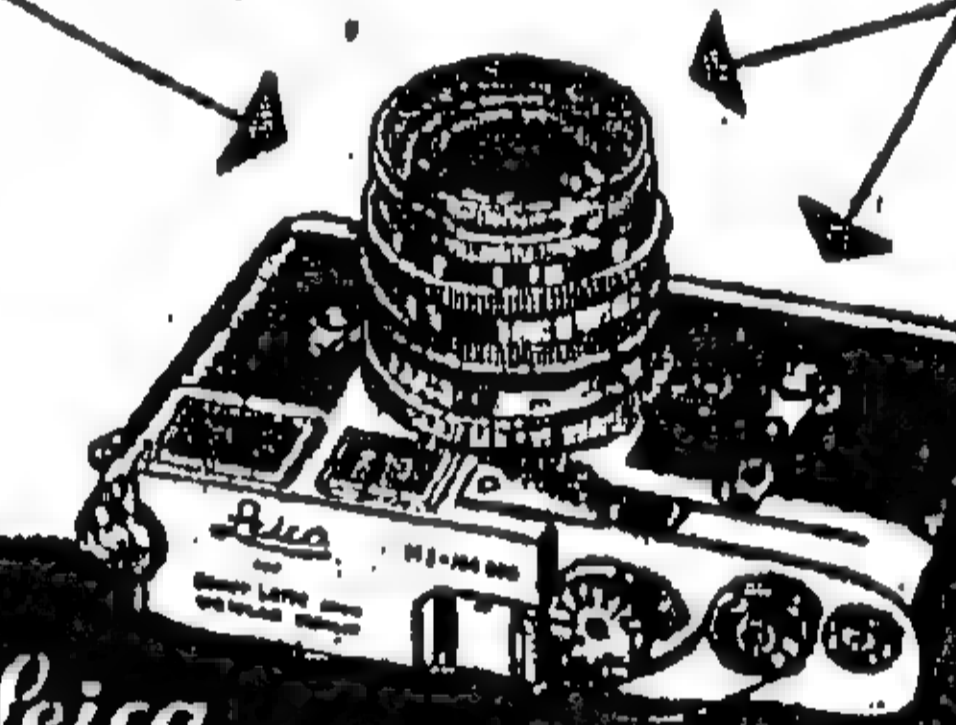
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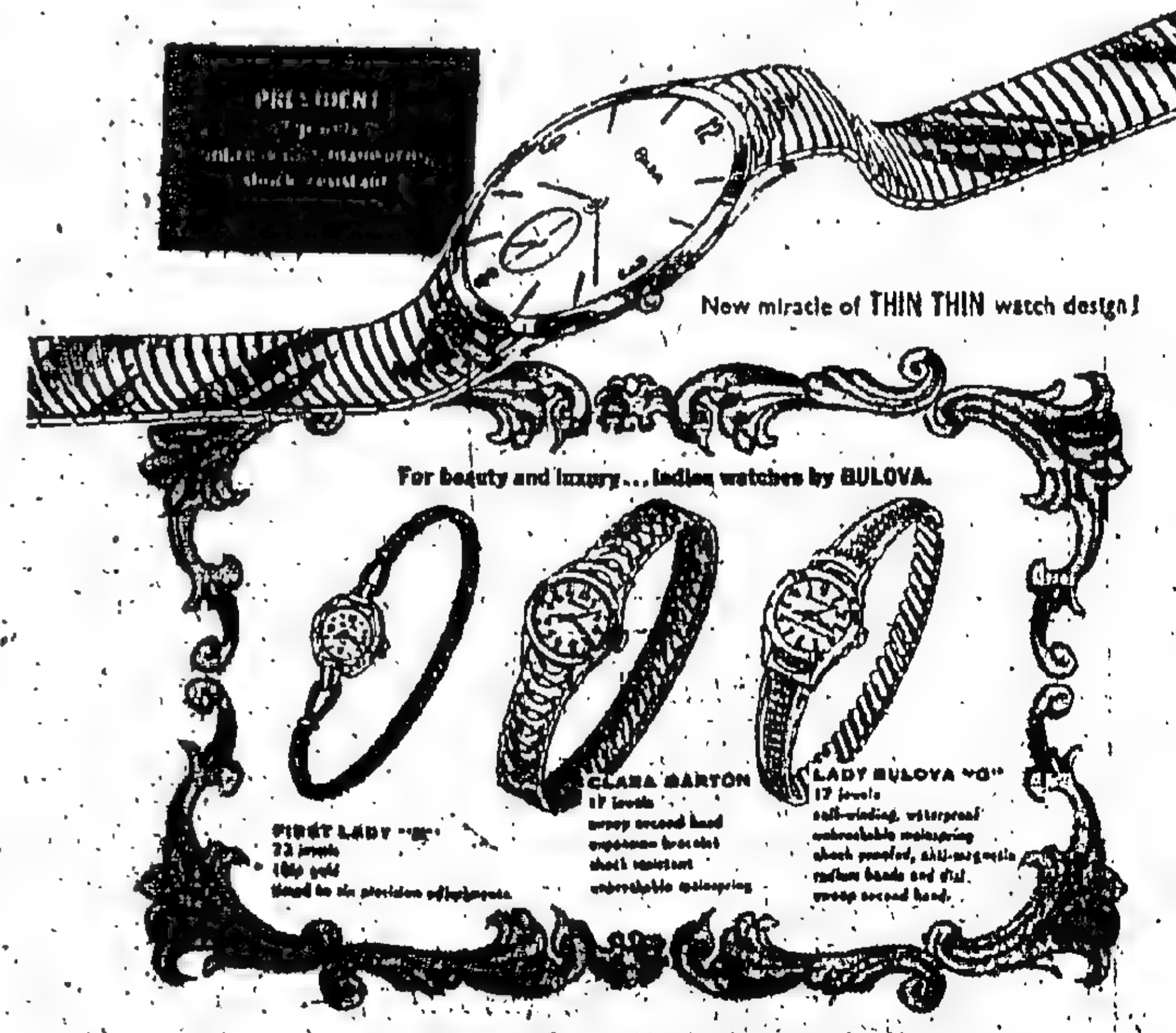
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Queen Victoria Wanted All The Details...

—AND NOW HER PAPERS THROW NEW
LIGHT ON A CROWN PRINCE'S SUICIDE

By ROGER FULFORD

THE ROAD TO MAYERLING. By Richard Barkley.
Macmillan, 25s.

ONLY the dullest English tourist could visit without emotion the church in Vienna where lie the mortal remains of the proud House of Habsburg.

The visitors may rumble round the coffin of these personages; there are 12 emperors, 15 empresses, 113 imperial highnesses and one governess resting beneath a confusion of crowns and skulls.

All camera pause for a minute's silent prayer before the coffin of the still-loved Francis Joseph, with his murdered wife on his left and his son, the subject of this biography, on his right.

Good sense

The tragedy of Mayerling—a shooting box near Vienna where the Crown Prince carried out a suicide pact with a 19-year-old girl—has attracted a number of very bad books. All the more welcome, therefore are the restraint and good sense with which Mr Barkley has approached his subject.

The Crown Prince came to England several times and was friendly with both Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. In a private letter he jokingly complained that the Queen fondled him when investing him with the Garter "fixing it herself." (He presumably means the ribbon, as in Victorian times it was not thought correct for the Queen to fix the Garter.)

Mr Barkley's book gains interest through his having seen the private paper at Windsor about the Prince. The Queen's rather morbid curiosity about such things is seen by the telegram which she sent to the Ambassador in Vienna: "Pray give all details you can

gather, however distressing they may be." For all its sombre dignity and apparent strength, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, by the end of the 19th century was resting on broken foundations. Any fair-minded historian would have to give credit to the Crown Prince for realising this; he was a liberal in a world of reaction. In fact he once said that reaction was the first step to perdition.

Iron discipline

Like his contemporary, the Crown Prince in Germany and to some extent like the Prince of Wales in England, he was out of sympathy with the prevailing ideas of his Court and government.

The author gives his readers some idea of the iron discipline of the Austrian court when he reminds them that, although the Emperor was broken with grief after Mayerling, he went to pay his last respects to the body, taking his sword and gloves. Was he not biding farewell to a dead brother-officer?

Watched

In his lifetime the Prince, who was only 30 when he died in 1889, was scrupulously watched by the Austrian police; his letters were read and every movement was reported back to his father. But even so he regularly contributed anonymous but vigorous political articles to the Tagblatt, which were found by Mr Barkley in the Vienna archives. No doubt the Prince inherited, through his mother, a strain of mental instability, but reactionaries are always eager to brand their opponents as "mad." Mr Barkley successfully shows that the Crown Prince was not the erratic playboy imagined by his enemies but a man of intelligence and ideals, who was driven to frenzy by frustration.

(London Express Service).



NANCY SPAIN

Hey, there! I'm excited

ALL THE BOOKS I BRING YOU TODAY ARE GOOD

I PUT in a telephone call to Sardinia because I'd always wanted to know what it is like to be married to the Diplomatic Service.

I don't mean the old pre-war stuff: all hushed voices and knee breeches.

I mean real down-to-earth now-a-days when we never know which little bit of Europe is going to blow up next...

I had just been reading a really first-class novel, *THE VISITORS* (Collins, 18s.), by Mary McMinnes, that gives the whole dangerous, slightly soiled atmosphere to perfection.

Mrs McMinnes's husband is actually in the Foreign Service, and is stationed right now in Cyprus, holidaying in Sardinia.

Mrs McMinnes moves around with him from place to place. So she really knows what she is writing about. As well as Cyprus, since the war she has been in Greece, the Lebanon, and Poland.

Her story, which is most brilliantly handled, with just enough romantic comedy to make it bearable, is fairly obviously set in Poland. Milly, a frivolous, empty-headed Mme. Bovary of a wife, arrives in (I suppose) Warsaw to take up a new appointment. She has two children, one of whom, Clarissa, sees through her mum like a pane of glass.

Almost at once Milly is plunged into the world of the dispossessed aristocracy, who are contriving (without hope, money, or future) to live outrageously on their wits and their chic.

Milly is bewildered, fascinated, half in love with them.

Soon she is bribing dress-makers with whisky, tea, sugar, all ordered on her husband's Naafi chit... soon she is running into danger going out of bounds to buy illicit smoked salmon... soon she is building up such a false picture of herself, poor darling, that she is queening it at embassy parties and imagining a nice American journalist is in love with her.

He isn't, of course. And her cream world breaks into a thousand splintered pieces the day that her husband's over-lord Naafi orders are pointed out by his chief.

For Milly loses her husband his job, and (ironically) the American job too. Milly and her husband are briefly removed from further temptation.

Was it real?

But of course the aristocratic Poles have to stay on, scrambling a living from their smashed country. Milly and her husband and the American were only "visitors."

This is the explanation of the title of this really exceptional book. However stupidly Milly may have behaved she still has a chance of retaining her balance... Not so the wretched dispossessed.

Well, I was longing to find out exactly how much of this story, which reads so truly and convincingly, was real.

My telephone call discovered Mrs McMinnes in a crowded cafe in Santa Teresa de Gallura, Sardinia, where (she said) the entire town had turned out for their first international telephone call for weeks.

Great excitement. Mad gaily and wine drinking. I thought I could see the hot, windy, sunny place quite clearly while I was shouting my questions.

"Oh yes," she shouted back. "Of course that kind of black marketing still goes on everywhere. My situation, in the book, is dreadfully true to life. But my characters are really imaginary. For example, Milly certainly isn't me... Wait a minute though, I am in the book... I'm Clarissa the little girl who sees through her mother..."

Enchanting

Do you remember a ghastly book called "Andersonville" which won a Pulitzer Prize for its author Mackinlay Kantor? It was all about a vicious concentration camp that the Americans built for one another in the Civil War. Well, I remember it all right, with shudders.

And here is a new book by the same man, *LOBO* (W. H. Allen), which is one of the most enchanting dog books I've ever read. It will probably be a little classic.

Lobo, a big, heavy nondescript thing described by Kantor as a Montemar Worrier, was picked up by his distinguished master in Andalusia, Spain. When he was actually writing "Andersonville."

Each day Kantor and Lobo would set out together in the morning. Kantor with his typewriter, Lobo breathing heavily and encouraging his master with bared teeth.

No whimsy

So indispensable did the dog's personality become to him that Kantor took him back to America, where he died, alas, of some semi-tropical sickness called heartworms.

But not before he had conquered all hearts—even mine. For Kantor writes of his pooch without sentimentality or

whimsy. And the result is a deeply touching little book.

It contains, as well as all this good sentiment, two marvellous snapshots—pictures of other famous Americans: John Steinbeck bursting from his hired villa in Spain to see off unwanted Spanish callers by screaming in English, "Buttered toast!"... Burl Ives rustling at midnight among delicatessen paper bags, eating potato salad, pickled herrings, sausage—and Boston cream pies, and leaving his litter behind him so that in the morning, says Kantor: "It looks as if Henry VIII has been entertaining the Yeomen of the Guard in one small kitchen."

But unforgettable really is the picture Kantor, in spite of himself, gives of Kantor: a warm-hearted idiot who (like so many) willingly gave his heart to a dog to tear.

Favourites

Finally, *THE JAZZ MAKERS*, by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff. (Peter Davies, 25s.) I greatly enjoyed this collection of essays about my favourite musicians: particularly the one about the immortal "Fats" Waller, who began life as a parson's son, longed to play Bach on the organ, but actually learned to play the piano the way we love accompanying the silent screen.

Fats drank—a pint of gin known as "My liquid ham and eggs" at the beginning of a recording, a quart half-way, and a reserve quart was always under the piano for after. In this way he wrote "Honeydoodle Rose." "My Fats is in Your Hands" and "Ain't Misbehavin'." In two hours 45 minutes. His favourite tune? "Abide with Me."

● *THE TROUBLE WITH THE IRISH*, Leonard Wibberley, Macmillan, 16s.—Entertaining, here and there genuinely witty history book that takes us right through Irish history from A to Z. Cromwell, the Black and Tans, the lot

MR. HOLLOWAY IS AMAZED!

I Used To Pick Up A Couple Of

Bob From My Old Monologue Records

—Now They Have My Face On

Those Flashy Long-Players.....

RECORD ROUND by RAMSDEN GREIG

STANLEY AUGUSTUS HOLLOWAY was in philosophical form. "Don't," he said from behind the tobacco smoke that hid him and most of his drawing-room from view, "don't ever try to trick life. Muck about with life and a multitude of troubles will descend upon you. Take life as it comes. If you are destined to become a success, you will. It is merely a matter of waiting."

To Stanley Holloway the sweet smell of success comes to his patient nostrils at the age of 67.

Forty-odd years ago he was being paid a pittance to entertain in seaside concert parties. He travelled to his work on a second-hand bicycle.

Today, when "the chore of appearing in My Fair Lady" is over, he drives a Sunbeam Rapier to Penn in Bucks where the mansion he calls home is built on three acres of lawns and woodland.

REDISCOVERED

There was a time when he could not afford to smoke. Today, when there is not a cigar in his mouth there is a silver cigarette, clamped in a silver-tipped holder.

He can talk of film, stage and recording contracts as if they grew on the tree in his own private wood. For Stanley Holloway they do.

He said: "Of course I can't accept the stage offers at the moment. Film offers I still accept. I've already made one this year and

ROYALTIES

"If you are referring," Stanley Holloway said, "to those rumourous that there is a serious rift between Rex and me I can tell you that they are quite without foundation."

"It is simply," said Mr Holloway, "that Mr Harrison and I have absolutely nothing in common."

I changed the subject to one that is closer to Mr Holloway's heart than Mr Harrison. We talked about the money that now goes into his bank account.

Stanley Holloway said: "I am said to be pulling in £500 a week from My Fair Lady. I can tell you that half of that sum would be nearer the mark."

However, add the film companies' contributions for film work and royalties from gramophone records and you will find that Stanley Augustus Holloway is not exactly crying into his champagne in abject poverty.

HEARTY

These record royalties, apart from being a welcome source of income are also a source of some amazement to Mr Holloway.

He said: "I have always been able to pick up a couple of bob from my old 78 r.p.m. monologue records. But now, because of the success of My Fair Lady they have me performing on expensive long-players—with my face on the flashy, coloured covers."

"They're even selling in America where before My Fair Lady anyone was entitled to ask 'Go the hell in Holloway anyway!'"

Hear him on Rex's Holloway (Phillips 33). Not for Stanley Holloway, of course, the big guitar and tiny voice. His renderings on the one are as hearty, and are delivered in a voice as fruity as Dundee cake. Fifteen tracks include Let's All Go Down the Strand, My Old Dutch, Any Old Iron, Who's Your Lady Friend.

All good nostalgic stuff.

★ ★ ★

THE publicly blub that accompanies a duet by Marion Ryan and Gary Miller called A Couple of Crazy Kids (Nixa 78) reports that "although Miss Ryan pays up to 325 guineas for her stage gowns, her undies cost her only 24/11." I can tell you that the record is gay and bouncy and is a good buy. However, I am still uninformed as to the price of Mr Miller's underwear.

★ ★ ★

PREPARING to leave Britain for another tour of Australia, Winifred Atwell, said to have made £4,000 a week on her last visit. She leaves behind Lazy Train (Decca 78). Leisurely but precise piano work.

★ ★ ★

SKIFFLE is scuttled by the pride of the coffee bars, Nancy Whiskey, in Hillside in Scotland (Orion 78). There is not a washboard to be heard. A pleasant ballad this one.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

How To Tell

By Harry Weinert





FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE SPACE AGE

By WILLIAM J. WEISER, Jr.

ALMOST overnight, you find everyone else on earth have been pushed into an exciting new era—the Space Age.

It's a time when man-made satellites are being shot into outer space where they circle the earth like baby moons at 18,000 miles an hour or faster.

And within your lifetime experts say, rocket ships will be flying.

But you need not wait until a rocket ship blasts off before becoming a space traveler. You're riding a huge space taxi right now—the Earth.



A LONG TIME AGO (most scientists think about three billion years ago) our planet was created out of hot, flaming gases and spun into space at a terrific speed. It has never stopped moving.

First of all, the earth spins on its axis (an imaginary line that cuts through the earth from the North to the South poles) like a giant top. It makes one complete turn every 24 hours. This means that the people who live near the equator (a line around the Earth's middle) travel 25,000 miles a day.

The Earth also is whizzing around the sun at a tremendous speed—68,000 miles an hour. The Earth, traveling in a huge, slightly flattened circle around the sun, takes one year to complete its journey.

While this is happening, the Earth's family, called the Solar System—made up of the sun, eight other planets, comets and countless meteors and asteroids—is soaring through space at

175 miles a second in a circular path near the fringe of a giant star cluster called a galaxy or the Milky Way.

The Milky Way, shaped like a pinwheel and containing billions of stars, is moving in a definite direction through the dark, trackless universe.

But because the Earth's journey is so smooth and constant, it's hard to realize we are soaring through space at these fantastic speeds.



WHEN THE EARTH was born, scientists say, its mass was so hot that nothing could have lived on its surface. Slowly the gases cooled, first becoming liquid and then solid. As the Earth's outer crust cooled and hardened, rocks and mountains were formed.

Some of the leftover gases turned into liquids, becoming oceans, seas, lakes and rivers, while other gases became the air we breathe.

The inside of our Earth can be compared to a golf ball, which has a core, a middle wrapping and an outside covering. The center, or core, some 3,000 miles across, is made of molten metals, mostly iron, held under great pressure. The middle layer is a thick, rocky shell more rigid than steel.

The outside layer also is made of rock, but held together more loosely. At the surface, most of the rock has been changed into soil by the action of air and water and decomposing plant and animal life.



IF YOU COULD CLIMB into a space station hovering above Earth, you would discover the Earth bulges slightly at the equator. It is 27 miles farther around its equator than it is from the North to South Poles.

The bulging is caused by the Earth's turning on its axis. This rotating motion has gradually shifted the Earth's east, flattening it out at the poles and pushing it outward near the equator.

From your space station, the Earth would look bluish because of its atmosphere haze. Through the shifting cloud banks the oceans and seas, which cover three-fourths of our planet, would appear almost black.

The continents would look like irregularly shaped brownish-green patches, spotted here and there with yellow deserts. The North and South Poles would appear as small white skull caps on the top and bottom of our Earth.

Our Earth travels an invisible highway year after year that is about 93 million miles away from the sun. Sometimes we're nearer or farther than this, however.

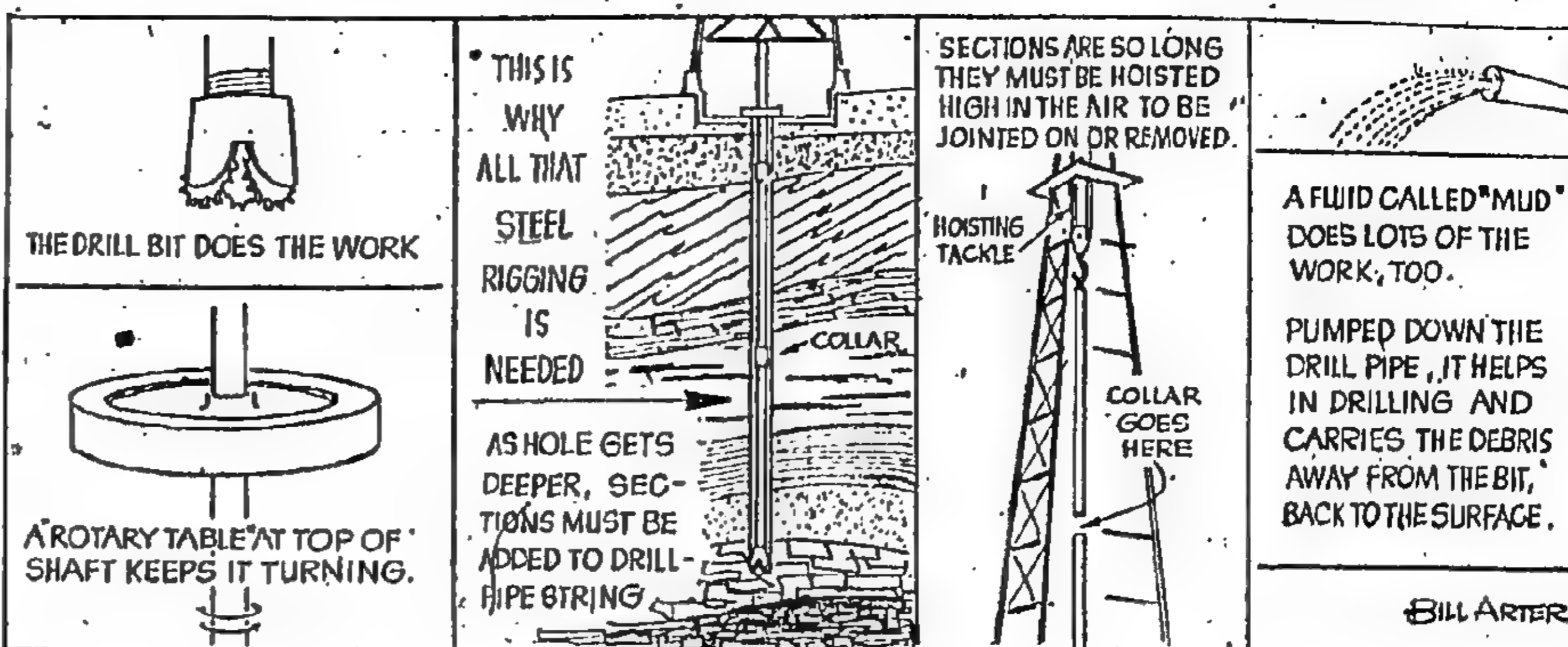


ASTRONOMERS SAY our Earth should continue its journey around the sun for billions of years more. But, they caution, astronomical predictions occur sometimes.

Don't worry about it, however, these accidents won't happen for billions of years. Here are two things they say might occur in this distant future:

Our sun, a young star, may shrink when it gets to be very old and become what astronomers call a "white dwarf." If this occurs, the sun's rays would become so weak that our oceans would freeze up and our atmosphere would become liquid air. Or, they say, our sun might suddenly puff up many times its present size and turn into a nova-type star. Then it would send out so much heat that nothing on Earth could live.

HOW AN OIL WELL IS DRILLED



Birth Of Potato Chips Explained

IN 1855 when Verdi was composing Il Trovatore in Rome and Charles Dickens was writing his famous stories in London, something of quite a different nature was taking place in Saratoga Springs, U.S.

It occurred in one of the older, palatial hotels called Moon's Lake House which had a famous chef of Indian extraction named George Crumb. He had prepared meals for countless prominent guests there such as Chester Arthur, Grover Cleveland and others. He was very proud of his reputation.

One night a large banquet was given at that popular hotel to which came a haughty woman who had recently acquired a fortune.

She wanted everyone to know that she had just returned from

Europe. She was ostentatiously gowned and she spoke affectedly in a loud voice while trying to impress everyone.

After several courses of delicious food had been enjoyed, the main course was served, accompanied by French fried potatoes. At sight of the potatoes, the woman sneeringly pushed them aside and said loudly, "In France, they are cut much thinner."

The waiter reported this to the chef whose face turned a deep crimson at this insult. He doggedly sliced some more potatoes "much thinner" for the difficult guest.

When they were placed before her, she shrugged her shoulders and once more pushed them aside with the comment, "Not thin enough."

By this time everyone's attention was focused on the



potatoes and the amusing woman.

The furious chef, upon hearing about this second insult, determined more than ever not to be outdone by the French chefs. He got his razor, and to the rhythm of "thinner, thinner, thinner" he sliced some potatoes wafer thin, cooked them in deep fat and served them to all the guests.



Upon tasting them, everyone exclaimed, "DELICIOUS!" The troublesome guest reluctantly admitted that they were delicious and sent congratulations to the triumphant and happy chef.

These potatoes became so popular, they were served at most of the parties of that era under the name of Saratoga Chips which we now call POTATO CHIPS!

The Shadows' Horses

—Knarf And Hanid Go For a Wonderful Ride—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, made themselves small—Shadows can make themselves any size they please—and went across the garden path.

They stopped, at last, in front of a small wooden box which looked a little like a house. At one end of the tiny box, there was a door. Knarf opened it.

"I hope all the horses are all right," Hanid remarked.

Knarf nodded his head and walked inside the box, followed by Hanid.

Like A Hugo Barn

Once inside the box, Knarf and Hanid felt as though they were in a huge barn. You must not forget that Knarf and Hanid were no larger than pigs.

Along one side of the barn were stalls of dried grass and dandelion stems reaching almost up to the roof. On the other side were six workhorses. In each stall, there was a grasshopper.

"You see, all the horses are fine!" Knarf exclaimed. "Look at how glad they are to see us, Hanid!"

Sure enough the horses—or the grasshoppers—were stamping their feet in their pleasure at seeing their master and mistress.

They Nibbled Joyfully

Knarf and Hanid went from stall to stall with handfuls of dandelion stems. The grasshoppers nibbled joyfully and made squeaky, happy noises.

"Let's go for a ride," Knarf suggested.

"I'll take Springy," said Hanid, as she started putting a saddle made out of a leather glove on the back of one of the grasshoppers.

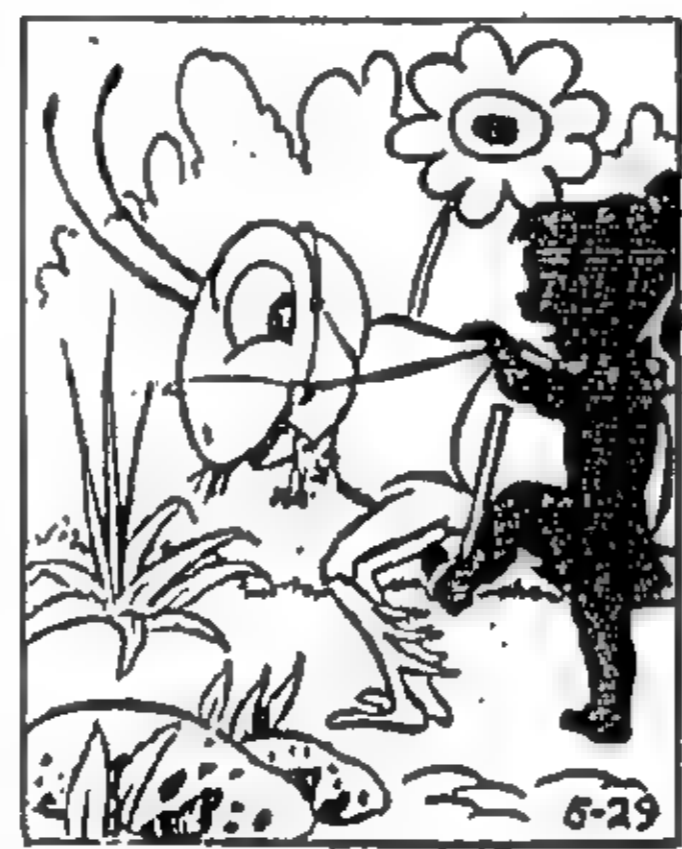
"I'll take Jumpy," said Knarf. He also put a saddle made out of a bit of a leather glove on another grasshopper's back.

After Knarf and Hanid put saddles made out of silk thread on Springy and Jumpy, they led them out of the barn.

Springing And Jumping

As soon as they had led their horses into the garden, Knarf and Hanid mounted them. Then away they went, springing and jumping over the tall grass and the flowers.

They came to a stone fence. "Jump!" cried Knarf to his grasshopper, and Jumpy jumped.



Hanid put a saddle on Springy and mounted him.

"Springy" cried Hanid to her grasshopper, and Springy sprang.

They went sailing over the stone fence into the corn field.

It was like riding in a forest of gigantic trees. The corn stalks rose over their heads like mighty trunks. And the leaves were so big that they blotched out the sky.

Knarf galloped down one row and Hanid galloped down the other.

They raced to the end of the rows of corn.

Then they came to an even higher stone wall.

Over it they went again, sailing through the air like birds.

Like A Jungle

And now they trotted through a grassy meadow. You can't imagine how much like a jungle it was. In and out among the blades of grass rode Knarf and Hanid.

Once Jumpy almost stumbled over a fallen daisy.

They stopped at a buttercup to let their "horses" take a drink, for the buttercup was filled with dew.

Knarf and Hanid returned to the stable late in the morning. They returned Springy and Jumpy to their stalls, hung up their saddles and bridles and went away after first carefully shutting the door.

"Tomorrow," they said, "we'll ride Skippy and Hoppy. And the next day we'll ride Leapy and Speedy."

"I hope we left them enough to eat," said Hanid to Knarf. "I gave them each a thimbleful of clover seed," replied Knarf.

IN JAPAN, CRICKETS ACT AS WATCHDOGS

EVERYONE knows how important it is to own a good watchdog. Watchdogs can match any home-guardian anywhere for courage, during, intelligence, resourcefulness and devotion, but he cannot sing.

In some countries in the Far East, a majority of the watchdogs sing.



In Japan, for example, a particular species of cricket noted for its vocal talents is highly prized as the household watchdog. The members of any household are guarded by one of the little singing watchdogs are aware the moment a stranger sets foot on the first step leading up to their front or back porch.



The little cricket hangs in his bamboo cane at the end of a bamboo rod and tries to "sing" out of sight. His song is gone. It ceased with the sound of the first strange footstep. This is not true when a

member of the family approaches. The cricket keeps chirping.

If the intrusion is during the night, usually every member of the household wakes immediately. Why? Because their watchdog's song cannot be heard and they are so accustomed to hearing it, silence acts like an alarm.

In many Oriental countries, the chirp of the cricket is greatly admired.



In China, the males (females do not sing), are captured and placed in bamboo cricket cages or in gourds grown especially for the purpose, and given a good home for as long as they live.

Many homes have one or more rooms set apart for the care and protection of the household's cricket collection.

It is not unusual for more affluent families to employ a cricket expert who does nothing but care for the master's pets.

It is highly improbable that cricket watchdogs could ever be successful in the United Kingdom. It is very doubtful their warnings would be effective in the world of noise existing in so much of that country. Most have grown so accustomed to sleeping, working, and playing in a continuous hubbub, they no longer consciously notice sound or its absence.

The only sounds most recognize are the clatter of the alarm clock or the warning bark of the "hounddog." But to the members of many Oriental homes, singing crickets serve faithfully, everlastingly—as long as they live. Little wonder a good one often sells for fifty or a hundred dollars.

Our World—How Smart Are Apes?

EVEN BEFORE COLO, monkey and ape cages in deal of entertainment to people, probably because that and every other zoo in the country usually attracted the most visitors. Apes like qualities. They have almost human hands, 32 teeth, the same as a grown person, and a brain like that of a human, but a bit smaller. Which may bring up the question: Are monkeys as smart or smarter than people?

Rupert and Floppity—1



Mrs. Bees has been very busy spring cleaning, and has not enough time to do the family shopping. Our Nutswood shop does not keep all the things I want," she says, "so you, Rupert, must go to the next village." "Hoorry, my best way is across the common. I'll start at once," says Rupert. And off he runs. At the highest part of the common he glances to one side. An animal as big as a large dog is silently crossing the bank with its head down. Next moment it has disappeared.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Pet chimpanzees can be taught to do many things: eat with a fork and knife, wear clothes, perhaps work with tools as well as a four-year-old child. They can understand and obey about 250 words and phrases. No ape, though, has been able to speak—at least as far as we know. Some African natives believe the gorillas do have a language, but are careful to keep this talent a secret lest they be put to work on the plantations.

If gorillas are supposed to be more intelligent than chimpanzees, it will be interesting to see



how much Colo can really learn. At one time she ran way ahead of human babies her age in physical and mental growth. She may prove a goldmine of information in the study of how children learn.

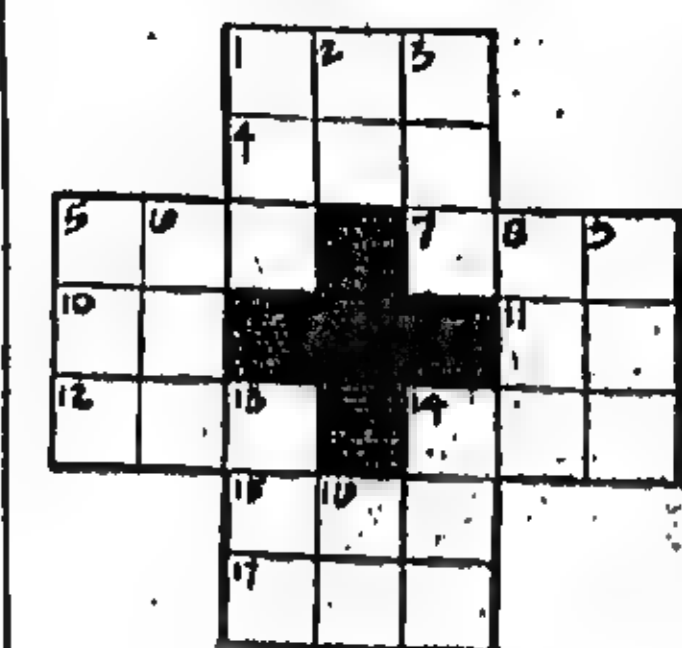
However, Colo is much too popular to be taken out of the Columbus, Ohio, zoo in order to be studied continually by scientists. Her delighted audiences would not want to part with her.

Apes, as far as science can tell, are not quite as smart as people, but some apes seem to be catching up fast!

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Match with Puzzle Pete

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- 1 Chum
 - 4 Compass point
 - 5 Folding lid
 - 7 Unit of weight
 - 10 Preposition
 - 11 Behold!
 - 12 Honey maker
 - 14 Make more
 - 15 Boy's nickname
 - 17 Chart
- DOWN**
- 1 Favourite
 - 2 White
 - 3 Permit
 - 5 Corn comes on this
 - 6 First number
 - 8 Aged
 - 9 Winken, Blinken and—
 - 13 Shade tree
 - 14 Snake
 - 16 Each (ab.)

"SICK" WORDS

- Each of Puzzle Pete's words ends in "ILL." Can you solve them from the definitions given?
- ILL (statement)
 - ILL (can be a picnic)
 - ILL (opposite of "to empty")
 - ILL (treasure or a fish part)
 - ILL (small mountain)
 - ILL (went with Jack)
 - ILL (slay)
 - ILL (steel plant)
 - ILL (doctors give this)
 - ILL (little stream)
 - ILL (window frame)
 - ILL (cash register)
 - ILL (legal paper)

WORDS

How many things beginning with the letter "P" can you find in Cartoonist Cal's sketch?



MATCH THEM

Match the first word with the correct second word in each of these lines:

- Columbia—Satellite
- City Hall—Star
- Explorer—Planet
- Polaris—River
- Mars—Building

TRIANGLE

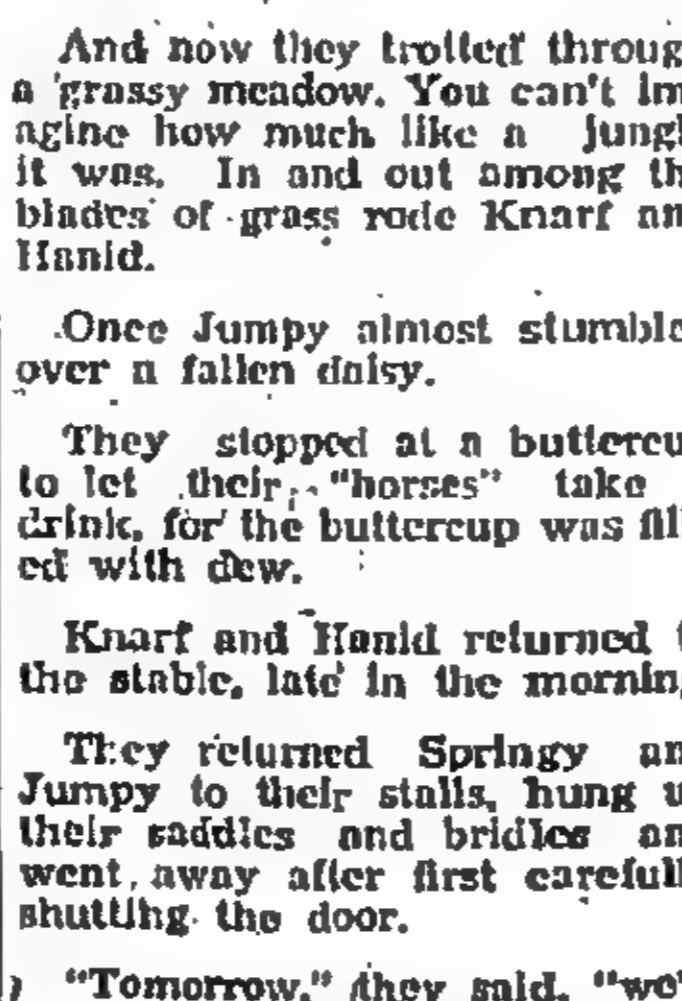
A PIRATE has Puzzle Pete's words triangle hung from him. The second word is "angry," third "proprietor," fourth "consumed," and fifth an abbreviation for "total expenses." Can you solve the triangle?

PIRATE
I
R
T
E

(Solutions on Page 20)



THE FIBRE LOOKING ARMADILLO IS HARMLESS AND ITS CHIEF DEFENSE IS RAPIDLY BURROWING UNDERGROUND. ACCORDING TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA...



THERE ARE ABOUT 300 SPECIES OF STINGLESS BEES. THE STINGLESS BEES ARE MUCH SMALLER THAN THE HONEY BEES.

The Big Bribe: £10,000 to lose this Derby

Rae
Johnstone

CONTINUING THE
FIRST-TIME-OLD
STORY OF HIS RACING
LIFE AND THE HOT
SECRETS BEHIND IT



JOHNSTONE (left),
judged on his Classic
wins one of the
greatest jockeys,
is writing the frankest
story ever to come
out of racing. He
says: "I set down
the truth as I recall
it, as it concerns me.
But if in doing so I leave you
with the impression
that racing is a sport fit for
knaves rather than queens I will
have failed miserably.
And it were better I had written nothing."

PART THREE

MANY believe the 1934 race to be the most sensational Derby of the century—the one that saw me defeated on the favourite Colombo.

Lord Glanely—"Guts and gaiters" as the Cardiff ship-owner was irreverently nicknamed—came up with an offer which provided all went well, represented a situation that the least prosperous champion jockey in the records could scarcely decline.

Here was the chance to be associated with the horse Colombo, who had all the appearance of being the racing machine of the era.

"This is it, cherie," I told my wife Mary. "I'll make a millionnaire." A statement which was received with the gently satirical air of a girl already resigned to accepting, and even nourishing, harmless day-dreams.

The horse

As a prospective millionaire I certainly arrived in England in character in 1934. Well, they're all supposed to start with nothing, aren't they? Colombo, unbeknown to all his seven two-year-old races (worth a total of £17,150 15s.) was going well at home. He had not been asked to do anything serious but he gave me a great impression of capability.

His first race of the season was to be the Raven Stakes at Newmarket on April 19 when he would have to concede up to 20lb. to opponents of his age.

A light-actioned bay with a splash of white on his forehead and a long white sock up his near fore, Colombo looked all horse. Of course if he'd got beaten, it would have been noted that he either looked "big fat" or he "ran up light" since last season. But he won smoothly, effortlessly, and there was no criticism. The best horse I had ever ridden? I had no doubt.



DERBY—HOW THEY WENT PAST THE POST: 1. WINDSOR LAD; 2. EASTON; 3. COLOMBO.

NO—I DIDN'T TAKE IT... BUT I STILL LOST (and that's me) third above

story, from my angle, would be incomplete.

But I want to make this quite clear. During my entire racing career, from the time I left Australia, I was approached twice only (both times in England) with an inducement to stop a horse. For quite different reasons I was not in the least tempted on either occasion. And I did not accept.

I make this point because it would be a gross absurd distortion to leave the impression that bribery between bookmakers (since both those inducements were bookmaker inspired) and jockeys was commonplace. It is not. And, moral consideration apart, for two very good reasons.

FIRST. Quite obviously no jockey prepared to deal in a dishonest transaction would do business other than with a bookmaker of acknowledged substance. And only a very foolish bookmaker of substance—who gets more than a fair living paying it straight—would jeopardise his entire future for the sake of such a deal.

SECOND. Apart from ability, a jockey's most valuable ally is a reputation for dependability—for doing what he is asked.

Difficult

There are no secrets in racing. And it is no simple task to stop a horse that is thoroughly capable of winning, so that the act passes unobserved. It is impossible for a jockey to do so in such a way that the deed escapes the attention of at least one of his fellow riders in a race, and once one person knows, that is that—the start of the finish of a reputation.

What somebody has done once, they may well do again. Wherefore, since I stepped out of line once myself, you may think I did so again when I was offered £10,000 to see that Colombo did not win the 1934 Derby.

You may, of course, think what you like. "If you want to be thought a liar, tell the truth," somebody has written. I hope they were wrong.

The fact is that, moral consideration apart, the proposal represented no temptation whatsoever. For to win the Derby was my greatest ambition.

Before any other race except the Derby I find that, once mounted, one is more or less

oblivious to everything but the job on hand. But Epsom on this one day of the year is different.

Ordeal

The sea of upturned faces and gasping figures that pack the rails on the right as the parade begins and the packed stands on the left (with the royal party usually standing on the grass in front of the welling-room enclosure) make this the most nerve-racking practice ordeal.

And many are momentarily "set alight" in the center back past the stands as the crowds roar encouragement to the popular favorites. My fellow was not the soberest of characters, but he took it pretty well.

Captain Allison was a good starter. "Come in steady," he called. I glanced swiftly to the right as the tapes whipped up, saw that Steve Donoghue on Medaevall Knight had broken well and moved straight into his wake.

Steve was quickly on the fence in the initial hill climb go-

IF THIS IS A UTILITY CAR —GIVE US MORE



The Hillman Minx Special

by ROBERT WALLING

WHEN you try out a car the maker says is a utility model you are apt to look inside it suspiciously.

I did so quickly in the 1958 Hillman Minx Special, cheapest, at £748 tax paid, in the Rootes range.

There were no ashtrays, no elbow rests, and the floor was covered in rubber, not carpet. There was a heater, an extra £210 10s. Well, suppose we inserted the missing items? I reckon under £5 would cover the situation. Actually, you can have up to £137 5s. 7d. worth of extras, if you want.

Then I looked closer. "If this is utility, then what do they call one or two economy cars made on the Continent?" was my comment. The interior was simple, yes; but it was a clean, well-found design.

Sensible room, too. Especially in the back for the long-legged. Frankly, the car was only a four-seater for heavyweight adults, due to bucket-type forward seats, though three bigish children in the back would not be squeezed to make five in all. The controls were few. First, a welcome return to the floor gear-lever; in this case bent to allow one to slide from one seat to the other.

A huge speedometer contained other gauges. Next, ignition and lighting in one switch. A choke, a starter, and a tiny "electric-light" snap-switch to get the twin wipers working.

Snapped up

Even Aunt Sarah, fond of her pre-war seven horse runabout, would not complain about complexity. Then add a roof light, a washable lining to the head, and a right-across shelf under the dash for the parcels, and you will agree the term utility is a misnomer.

The way it went was not utilitarian either. It snapped up to 78 m.p.h. just as early post-war sports car, even giving me a burst accelerating at 50 m.p.h. in top gear up a long, easy hill—by clocking 65 m.p.h. a few seconds after the throttle was fully opened.

So, above a steep hill? The 1,300 c.c. engine started the model off at the foot at 30 m.p.h., was held to that speed all the way up, then created it at 25 m.p.h. A searching test

In slow traffic third gear did most of the work, a drop to second for overtaking being quickly made with the floor gear-lever. Braking was good, and sensitive. A steering-column flick-switch kept cancelling itself after I had reached the flashing indicators, and its green warning light twinkling from the dash was helpful, not annoying as some are.

Only half

One point you have a grand backward view through the wrap-around back window if your mirror shows only half of it.

Full marks though for the petrol filter low down at the back where the earless pump man cannot stop fuel over the point. Why does the tank only hold a miserly seven gallons, even though the miles to the gallon rate is 26?

But if this is utility then the average motorist will want more of it.

ROAD LOG

COMFORT: Only real criticism is that tall persons in the front might find the seat-backs a trifle short.

CORNERING: Quite some sway, without budging the wheels sideways an inch.

STEERING: Easy for the weakest arms.

SPRINGS: Gentle pitching over bad bumps.

ENGINE: Get-up-and-go and sounds like it with the throttle open; otherwise, amiable and silent.

BRACING: Good at all speeds. Special praise for the flat-on-the-floor right-handled handbrake with its vice-grip when parking on steep hills.

VISION: 60 per cent, reduced heavily by that tiny mirror.

LUGGAGE: Fit the spare wheel stands up inside the boot.

LOOKS: Pert.

SIZE: Garatworthy: 13ft. 3½in. by 6ft. 1in.

(London Express Review)

ROUND-UP

FOR ARMY HOUSES, NOT HORSES

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP, Folkestone, Kent, home at one time or another of nearly every British cavalry regiment until mechanisation ousted the horse has lost its cavalry drill ground—to make way for housing. On the ground where recruits drilled with their horses, 154 new married quarters for the modern Army are springing up. The garden estate, with its lawns, flowering trees and shrubs and an apple tree or a pear tree in the back garden of every soldier's home, will be a model for the future. When the estate is completed, 134 families will occupy the smart little houses with their brightly coloured front doors. They replace condemned quarters. More than half the new quarters are semi-detached and the others in blocks of four and six. They are furnished in contemporary style and fitted with all sorts of labour-saving devices. When the estate is completed there will be a welfare centre and a N.A.A.F.I. shop for its 600 inhabitants. Nowadays, soldiers drive their own cars, and the War Office has agreed in principle to a site being set aside for garages. All the roads on the estate are named after generals in the Army of Sir John Moore, who trained his Light Infantry at Shorncliffe.

THE BIGGEST MAN IN THE R.A.F.

BRITAIN'S tallest man, and perhaps heaviest, is R.A.F. Corporal Derek Myson, 21, of Hoddleston, Berkshire. He is 6ft. 10 inches tall in his stocking feet, with boots on he rises to 7ft. 2 inches. His weight has increased from 12½ stones, when he joined the R.A.F. four years ago, to his present 18½ stones. His boots are size 18. Stores do not stock them so they have to be specially made. The R.A.F. have made, so far, three 6ft. long 4½ft. wide beds for him—a 6ft. 2 inch bed available when he enlisted was much too small. Derek has to duck when walking through any doorway at 2nd T.A.F. Headquarters, Munchen-Gladbach, Germany where he is on active duties. He is on a 12 years engagement—and officially described as "still developing."

"WHEEL CHAIR" SPORTSMEN

MORE than 200 "wheel chair sportsmen" from 25 countries will be coming to Britain this month to take part in the Seventh International Games for the Paralyzed at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. The games will be opened on July 24 by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, Mr. R. H. M. Thompson, who will read a message to competitors from a scroll carried by a relay of wheel-chair sportsmen from Manchester, via London, to Aylesbury. En route, the message is expected to be read by the mayors of cities in which change overs are made. One of the highlights of the games will be the "Wheel-past of the Nations" in which all the competitors, seated in their wheel-chairs, will take part.

BLIND, BUT HAS IT TAPED

A 40-YEAR-OLD blind telephone operator employed by Handley A. Page, the aircraft concern, at Radlett, Hertfordshire, spends much of his spare time on historical research. What he finds is preserved in tape recording which are heard in many parts of the world. He is at present compiling a half-hour history of the Handley Page company which is his contribution to the firm's 1929 jubilee year. When complete it will be sent to Africa, America and Korea. Mr. Hall, who is married with six children, took up his tape recording hobby about four years ago. One of his recordings were of old houses and estates in the parish of Aldenham, Hertfordshire.

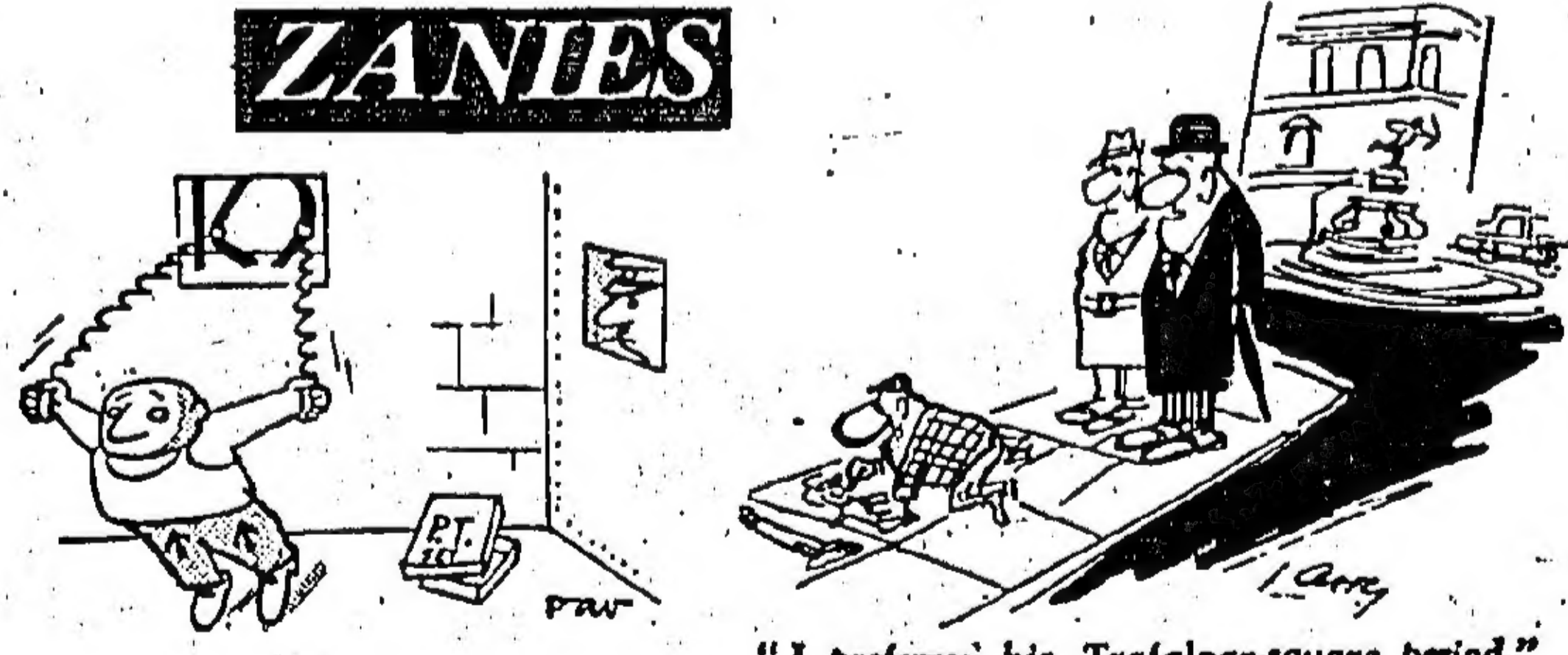
"P" BOTTLES NOW MUSEUM PIECES

BY articles that were in general use only thirty years ago are now so rare that museum experts are claiming them for their collection. Bicycle oil lamps, that lit up with a wick and were used by hundreds of cyclists in the 1920s have been polished and put behind glass showcases at Ipswich Museum. "Pop" bottles with a marble in the neck, of the kind used by father when he was a lad, are also in demand. The bottles disappeared from the English market when new screw-topped bottles came in any they were exported in thousands.

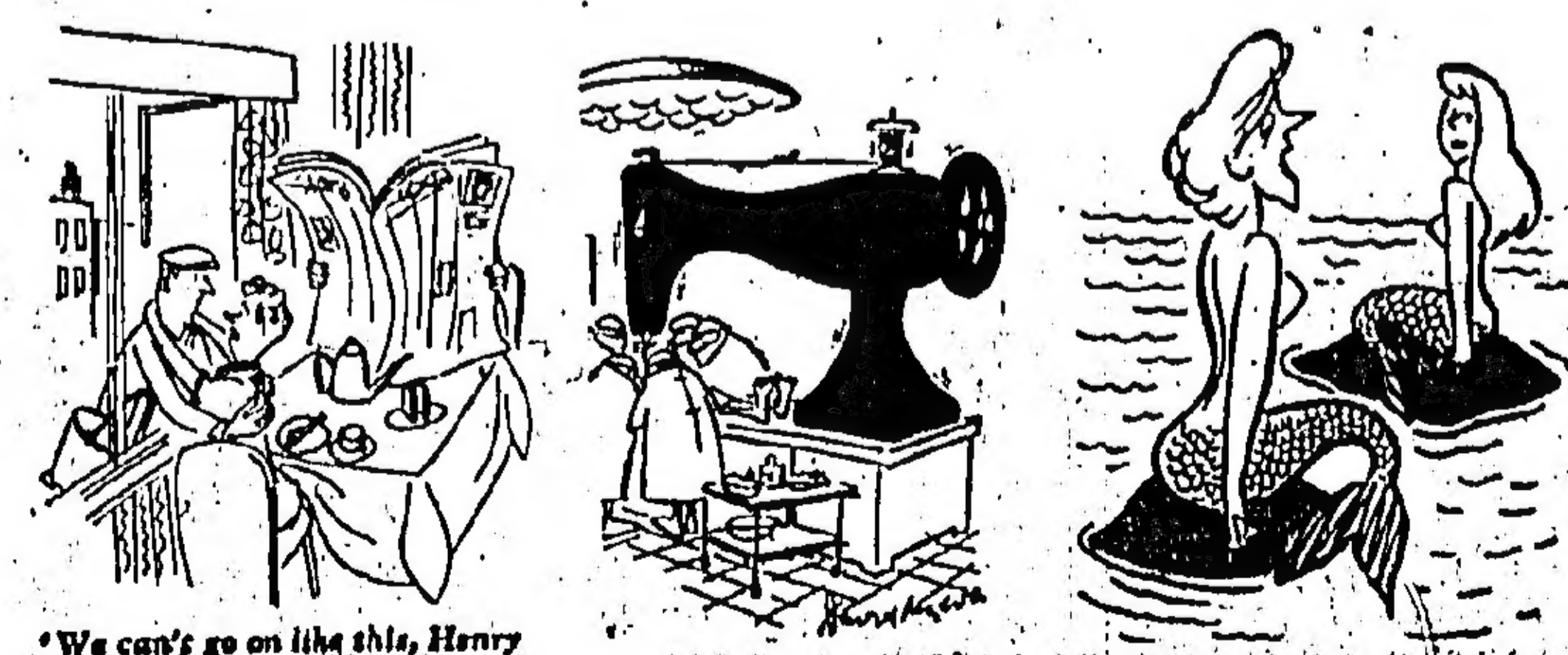
NOT ENOUGH WOMEN FOR SEASIDE JOBS

ALTHOUGH women form the larger part of the 50,500 population of the Sussex town of Eastbourne few of them are available to fill the many jobs waiting for them in the town. The Labour Exchange manager, Mr. W. Robertson, has told the employment committee that 200 women are needed immediately for jobs in hotels, shops and offices and that he has only 13 on his register. "Students have been applying in great numbers for attractive posts, but they are only just becoming available," he says, "and they will do little to offset the shortage of women."

ZANIES



"I preferred his Trafalgar-square period."



"We can't go on like this, Henry might become suspicious."

"My gas are killing me!"



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Drama On The Centre Court HE STALLED TO CONQUER AT WIMBLEDON An Astonishing Way To Win By An Extraordinary Fellow

By DENNIS HART

Lying stretched out on the velvet grass the young Californian relaxed in the warm sunshine. He might have been enjoying an afternoon nap. In fact, he was in the middle of winning a men's singles semi-final at Wimbledon. It was an astonishing way of going about it but then he was an extraordinary fellow. Determined to win...nothing should stand in his path...all out for victory...list all the will-to-win cliches and you get some idea of Bob Falkenburg's approach to the Wimbledon tournament of 1948.

He started with a big handicap. Because of thyroid trouble he could not conserve his energy in a grueling struggle. An hour after a big meal he would be hungry again, his strength sapped. You cannot break off in the middle of a match at Wimbledon for a snack, so Falkenburg, employed stalling tactics to take breathers.

In that semi-final, against Gardnar Mulloy he kept falling to the ground after missing shots and stayed down to take a rest.

Jeered

Falkenburg won the match in straight sets. He was jeered for his ploys. The furious Mulloy declared, "Falkenburg can't take it when he loses a set. All he had to do was to wait till third set and he was finished, and he knew it. His tactics put me off." But say what they would, Falkenburg had got to the final. And medical troubles apart he had what it takes to become a tennis champion. Six feet three inches tall, he used every inch

of his height to send down the most explosive cannon ball service tennis has ever seen.

He was a fine all-court player. But this sort of play is often long and tiring. Falkenburg needed to extend his moves swiftly and decisively.

He put his faith in the serve-volley game. Everything went into the service and every service was followed to the net.

That was Falkenburg's path to the final. A series of blistering shots...rest...then more rapid-fire tennis.

It was not a way calculated to win tennis friends. In a popularity poll of 1948 Wimbledon Falkenburg would have been nowhere. His vote would probably have begun and ended with that of his beautiful Brazilian wife, Lourdes.

Falkenburg's opponent in the final was one of the most popular players to come to Wimbledon—John Bromwich of Australia. He played a grand fighting game, symbolised by his two-handed grip. He chased everything and hammered the ball across court with the power of a cricket cover drive.

Well Matched

The two men were well matched. Bromwich, 29, was armed with experience. Falkenburg, 22, had youth on his side.

Falkenburg served first and set the pattern of the match with a thundering ace. He hit the ball as though he hated it. But the lightning Bromwich held on to gain a 5-3 lead. Back came Falkenburg with still more power to take the set 7-5.

Bromwich won the first two games of the second set. Falkenburg's answer was to stage an energy-conserving act. He became a base-line spectator as he threw away game after game until Bromwich led 5-0.

Drama had given way to farce. The earliest set came in the last game of the second set. Both men decided to lose this one to get first serve in the following set. Falkenburg was more practised in the art, and the game went to Bromwich.

The refreshed Falkenburg stormed to victory in the third set winning five games in a row.

But he was tiring again and he needed another rest. This time he employed delaying tactics. After missing shots he took his "praying net" assuming a squatting position, head lowered, hands raised, regaining his breath before slowly rising to his feet.

Once, when wiping his racket handle between games, he took so long that the umpire ordered him to get a move on. He lost the fourth set 6-3.

Two Match Points

So to the deciding fifth set. Before it began Falkenburg sent a ball-boy for some salt. This time he was developing sweat-camp in the right hand. The only way to stave it off was to replace the salt.

Despite the salt Bromwich shot to a 3-0 lead and he kept his grip to reach 5-3 and two match points on his own service.

The whole Centre Court buzzed with excitement. The one person who seemed insulated from it was the gaunt Californian. At the moment when everything depended on one shot Falkenburg elected to play the most difficult stroke in the game, the stop volley. It was perfectly executed and caught Bromwich well out of position.

One match point saved. A fine back-hand passing shot had Bromwich reaching to make a desperate volley. The ball hit the top of the net.

Two match points saved. Another Bromwich winner and once more the Australian was within a point of victory. Another back-hand passing shot from Falkenburg.

Three match points saved. Before Bromwich could recover Falkenburg launched his own devastating attack and won thirteen out of fifteen rallies. From 5-3 down he went to a 5-5 lead with the score 40-0 in his favour and on his service.

Now he had three match points. One was enough. A thunderbolt serve and it was all over.

Tears were shed at the side of the court for the gallant Bromwich. The loser simply said, "Anyone who doesn't go for his chances doesn't deserve to win."

New champion Falkenburg had more to say. He described the Wimbledon crowd as, "The most partial I've ever seen in my life." He alleged that the umpires and linesmen made appalling decisions, nearly always directed against the Americans.

In 1949 Falkenburg and Bromwich met again at Wimbledon, in the quarter-finals. This time Falkenburg's stalling tactics—he threw away two sets—did not have a winning effect. Bromwich carried the day in another dramatic five set match.

Five years later an American player lost in the third round to Ken Rosewall. He went down smiling, exchanging good natured patter with spectators when his opponent made a winning shot or an official made a doubtful decision.

It was Bob Falkenburg. The tension was off. Tennis was no longer his life. In 1950 he had retired from the world class game to concentrate on business. When he came back he played for fun.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

The Youngest Player - Manager

John Doherty, "Babe" went to Leicester City from Manchester United for £8,000 and with a flourish of trumpets.

That was less than a year ago. Now, given a free transfer to Leicester, he has gone to Rugby Town as player-manager at 23 years of age—possibly the youngest in the country. He played only 12 games for Leicester before a knee operation laid him low. That works out at £650 a match, plus wages and bonuses—an expensive buy.

Mr Fenton's team will be the youngest in the First Division—average age 23—and he hopes to keep them together for several seasons, yet, plus the addition of a half-playing inside forward like George Hannah, of Lincoln City, or Phil Woosnam, of Leyton Orient.

Club Captain Malcolm Allison has made a miracle recovery after a long stay in a tuberculosis sanatorium, but he is likely to be played at wing half.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

OUT FOR RECORDS



The 19-year-old apprentice carpenter from New South Wales, John James Monckton, the Australian National 110 and 220 yards champion (backstroke) and a holder of the world records for 100 metres and 110 yards, 200 metres and 220 yards, is pictured here at Cardiff after a training session. — Central Press Photo.

New Ideas For West Ham United By Manager Ted Fenton

By ARCHIE QUICK

Greatest believer in weight lifting as an aid to football fitness is West Ham United manager Ted Fenton.

He underlines the value of his policy by pointing out that since he adopted the system in the club training schedule three years ago not one of his players has suffered from a pulled muscle, strained groin or injured cartilage.

"Over such a long period," he says, "there could not be a coincidence. I got a weekly injury report from my trainer Billy Moore, and a look through the file will show you that since weight-lifting expert Bill Watson introduced his itinerary no one player's name appears on the report for the injuries I have named. Moreover, the system helped to build up John Doherty after the full back broke his leg in South Africa." Mr Fenton hopes to publish a book on the subject.

Mr Fenton is toying with the idea of forming a staff club on the ground where the players and their wives and girlfriends and their opponents can fraternise and eat together after a match.

He also contemplates asking British Railways if the club can hire its own private coach and dining car for long away matches, much as Arsenal did in the days of manager George Allison.

West Ham's trip to Spain this summer, by the way, was cancelled because the two clubs they were due to play had had a bad season and the Spanish officials thought that if "West Ham came and won there might be rioting."

It is interesting that over three-quarters of United's playing staff are locals, but long-service Dick Walker has gone over to Spurs as a scout.

His Thoroughness

The thoroughness of Mr Fenton, who, by the way, trains with his players, is emphasised by the fact that he already been to Portsmouth to study the lay-out of Fratton Park where West Ham play their initial First Division match on August 23 after a lapse of 26 years in the Second Division.

"Evening out" plays a big part in a player's reactions," says Mr Fenton, "and I want to Fratton to study the size of the pitch, how far the players were away from the spectators on the touch line and the placing of the stands as compared with our own Upton Park."

Mr Fenton's team will be the youngest in the First Division—average age 23—and he hopes to keep them together for several seasons, yet, plus the addition of a half-playing inside forward like George Hannah, of Lincoln City, or Phil Woosnam, of Leyton Orient.

Club Captain Malcolm Allison has made a miracle recovery after a long stay in a tuberculosis sanatorium, but he is likely to be played at wing half.

Private Coach

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Israel, Argentine, And Now Hongkong Must Pay For Soccer Failures

By I. M. MACTAVISH

When the Argentine football team returned home from the World Cup competition in Sweden the players were subjected to as hostile a reception as has ever been accorded to any group of national representatives.

The failure of the team to win its way through to the vital closing rounds was regarded as something of a major catastrophe by the temperamental Latins and the stormy welcome that awaited the players came close to physical violence.

Such is the importance placed on success in international competition today that failure assumes the dimension of a great national tragedy. Victors, like the wonderful Brazilian soccer players, are feted, lauded and rewarded in lavish style but there is scant sympathy or consolation for those who miss the top prizes.

South America is nowadays a major football continent. Their footballers have become world famous as ball jugglers but to their artistry they have allied a sense of finishing power that makes them great entertainers as well as highly competent exponents of the basic arts of the game.

Everything is big. Success is big but so is failure and in the remote tranquillity of Hongkong it is almost amusing to read that a high level inquiry will be held to decide why the Argentine team failed so miserably to live up to its reputation in the World Cup.

Allegations

Already allegations have been made against many of the players.

They are accused of shirking their responsibilities by "going gay" while they were in Sweden. No doubt the findings of the inquiry will be published in due course and it will be interesting to see whether the dark picture which has been painted was toned by fact or by the black bitterness of defeat.

Argentina is not alone in expressing disapproval of the men it selected to wear its colours overseas. Israel also regards the dismal failure of its much vaunted football team in much the same light.

It was confidently expected that the Israeli side would do big things at the recent Asian Games in Tokyo and the fact that the side fell far short of expectations has caused much heart burning and recrimination in Israel.

Many harsh things have already been said about some of the players and, quite apart from the fact that a big inquiry has been seriously suggested, that the Israeli national side should not be allowed to play overseas again for a prolonged period.

To those on the inside the unhappy situation in the Israeli camp was not entirely unexpected. In the months before the Asian Games trouble was already blowing up and it was only at the last moment that the selectors selected and included their star goalkeeper in the Tokyo party. The goalkeeper had been under a bit of a cloud over incidents which happened in the period after the two World Cup games against Wales and, even though he was finally permitted to join the Asian Games party, there were many who felt he had been over leniently treated.

Private Coach

He also contemplates asking British Railways if the club can hire its own private coach and dining car for long away matches, much as Arsenal did in the days of manager George Allison.

West Ham's trip to Spain this summer, by the way, was cancelled because the two clubs they were due to play had had a bad season and the Spanish officials thought that if "West Ham came and won there might be rioting."

It is interesting that over three-quarters of United's playing staff are locals, but long-service Dick Walker has gone over to Spurs as a scout.

His Thoroughness

The thoroughness of Mr Fenton, who, by the way, trains with his players, is emphasised by the fact that he already been to Portsmouth to study the lay-out of Fratton Park where West Ham play their initial First Division match on August 23 after a lapse of 26 years in the Second Division.

"Evening out" plays a big part in a player's reactions," says Mr Fenton, "and I want to Fratton to study the size of the pitch, how far the players were away from the spectators on the touch line and the placing of the stands as compared with our own Upton Park."

Mr Fenton's team will be the youngest in the First Division—average age 23—and he hopes to keep them together for several seasons, yet, plus the addition of a half-playing inside forward like George Hannah, of Lincoln City, or Phil Woosnam, of Leyton Orient.

Club Captain Malcolm Allison has made a miracle recovery after a long stay in a tuberculosis sanatorium, but he is likely to be played at wing half.

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would come out into the open and admit that one of the Hongkong representatives at the Asian Games has been accused of misdeemeanour and that the case is being officially investigated.

It might even be fairer to the person concerned if some indication was given as to the nature of the accusation which has been made against him for in the last few weeks I have personally heard some of the most distorted stories being bandied about and all of them are calculated to show the individual in the worst possible light.

Open dealings never harmed anyone. A frank statement by the official body concerned would put a timely end to the current malicious rumours which are going the rounds for after all it is a long time since the official party returned from Japan and the current chronic state of affairs should not be allowed to continue.

Public's Right

A Colony representative has been accused of certain ill advised actions during the time he was in Tokyo. That is a fact. It therefore means that this Colony's good name or reputation is involved and that, in turn, surely means that the public have a right to know whether or not there is substance to the charge.

I understand that the present hiatus in the whole affair is due to the fact that the accuser has not been available to appear in person at an inquiry although—and in this I am pretty sure I am accurate—two have already been convened.

This matter should be cleared up one way or another as quickly as possible both in the best interests of Colony affairs in general and the individual concerned in particular.

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eighteen ends played it will be quickly appreciated that they were never outclassed by their better known opponents.

The difference in the two sides lay in the ability of the very experienced Koslown bowlers to extract every ounce of advantage from a chance when it arose. In this way they scored a five, two four as well as their nine and when you chalk up twenty-two shots on four heads you can afford to be patient on the others.

Humour is never far away from an occasion like this and when I was speaking to a member of the Police Recreation Club a little later I was amused to hear him say...

"Well, I hear three of our bowlers made us famous yesterday. We shall now go down in history as the first club to ever to have a nine scored AGAINST us in the Triples Championship."

Nice spirit...don't you think?

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BRITAIN'S GREAT CHANCE IN THE DAVIS CUP

Likely Victory Over France And Other Fields Of Conquest Ahead Of Her

By JOHN COTTRELL

Britain's women tennis stars have beaten the United States to win the Wightman Cup for the first time since 1930. Now Britain's men can beat France to reach the European Zone final of the Davis Cup for the first time since 1933. The thirteenth Davis Cup tie between Britain and France began last Thursday at Manchester and will end today. I back Britain to win, and almost certainly earn a trip to Italy for the zone final.

Last year Britain rather unexpectedly beat France 3-2 in Paris and then fell in the semi-final round at Brussels to the Belgian Jacques Brichant and Philippe Washer. This time I anticipate another close-fought tie against France, even though Britain has the advantage at home and on grass.

The Frenchmen have had a month's play and practice on grass before the Manchester meeting, for they have wisely remained in Britain after the Wimbledon Championships to play in other tournaments.

The British Team

The British team are Michael Davies, Bobby Wilson and Billy Knight, all twenty-two-year-olds, and "new boy" Tony Pickard. The French team are Pierre Darmon, Robert Hallet, Paul Remy, and Jean-Claude Molinari.

In Paris last year, 24-year-old dark and handsome Darmon scored France's only victory in the singles, beating Wilson in five sets. But now I believe Hallet may prove the more dangerous threat to the British players.

Hallet has displayed great fighting qualities this year. In the French Championships he scored a fantastic win—beating Budge Patty, the former Wimbledon champion, after being love-five and love-forty down in the final set.

At Wimbledon he went out in the first round—to another former Wimbledon champion, Jaroslav Drobny. But he overcame the "Old Fox," who was in brilliant form, to five sets.

Darmon, who recently became engaged to the Mexican tennis star, pretty little Rosa Maria Reyes, was the only Frenchman to reach the last sixteen at Wimbledon. But he reached that stage with a walk-over, his prospective opponent, Don Candy of Australia, having a strained leg after his marathon battle against Billy Knight.

Strange Fellow

Britain's Davis Cup hopes rest chiefly, I believe, on the narrow shoulders of Londoner, Bobby Wilson. This year he became the first Englishman to reach the quarter-finals of the narrowest since Tony Mottram in 1940. He was unseeded and he came nearer than any other man to beating the champion, Ashley Cooper.

Wilson is a strange fellow. He is the greatest artist in British tennis today. In style and appearance he resembles "Bunny Austin" who played such a great part in Britain's Davis Cup triumph in the 1930s.

But Wilson, who has all the strokes to make a great champion, appears to lack the necessary fighting spirit for the big international occasions. Last year he formed an excellent doubles partnership with a

Davies, but failed in the Davis Cup singles.

His dour resistance against Cooper after two sets down shows that he can fight from behind. And if he can show much fortitude in the Davis Cup I believe he could not only take Britain to the European Zone final but to even further fields of conquest.

Swansea-born Michael Davies has the true fighting spirit of a Welshman. Last year, he almost carried Britain to her third successive zone semi-final. In Paris he beat Hallet after being love-two down in the deciding set of the last match.

He is Britain's No. 1 player and can be relied upon to fight hard, though with more primitive weapons than the artistic Wilson.

Roger Becker is Britain's No. 2 and his absence from the Davis Cup team—the Manchester meeting clashed with his honeymoon—might seem to be a severe blow.

Deplorable Form

But I don't think so. Although he has defeated Davies twice this season, he showed deplorable form at Wimbledon being beaten 6-3, 6-3, 6-4. In the fourth round, Frenchman, fourth ranking, appeared to have other things than tennis on his mind and, in the circumstances, he would seem to be a risky Davis Cup proposition.

Becker was not selected for the Cup matches last year because he was under suspension by the LTA for not turning up for a county doubles match. Left-handed Billy Knight did not play in a Cup match because he didn't quite make the grade.

This year Billy has returned to form, winning the British Hard Court title with victories over such men as Budge Patty and "Beppi" Merlo. But he is stronger on a hard surface and at Manchester Britain may rely entirely on Wilson and Davies.

Tony Pickard, fourth member of the British party, gets Davis Cup selection for the first time because of Becker's refusal to play unless his wife could stay in Manchester with him during the match. Pickard, also on his honeymoon, values the honour of playing in the Cup more highly.

Pickard deserves this selection. This year he had made great progress, beating, among others, Jaroslav Drobny and the top-ranking Swede, Sven Davidson.

Wealth Of Talent

At no time since the war has Britain been able to draw on such a wealth of talent and it is a reflection on the social changes in Britain that Wilson, Davies and Knight are former grammar school boys, while Becker is the son of a London taxi driver and Pickard, the son of a plumber.

In the golden era of British tennis, the 1930's, much comment was evoked by the fact that Fred Perry was a grammar school product and the son of a

Socialist N.P. His Davis Cup colleague, Austin, was a Repton and Cambridge man.

But thanks to the far-sightedness of the LTA in developing training schemes, lack of money or social distinction no longer need hold back a player of real natural talent.

The LTA have spent thousands of pounds on helping to further the career of the "Four Musketeers"—Wilson, Davies, Becker and Knight. Now their



BOBBY WILSON

Investment is beginning to pay big dividends.

Britain cannot, of course, match the strength of Australian men's tennis, but it is not impossible that her players may reach the Davis Cup challenge round for the first time since 1937.

Some Good Fortune

This year, Britain has had some good fortune. Washer, the man who helped to end Britain's Davis Cup campaigns in 1933, 1934 and 1937, retired from international tennis, and Belgium, with only the lion-hearted Brichant, were eliminated surprisingly by Germany.

The draw has given Britain three successive home Cup ties, though in the zone final, she would have to play in Italy, notorious for partisan crowds and dubious line decisions.

Wilson's Wimbledon triumph over Nicole Pietrangeli will raise hopes of a British victory, even on Italian hard courts. And then Britain could look forward, with some hope, to meeting the much weakened United States team in the inter-zone final.

Wishful thinking? Perhaps. But the important thing is that British fans can reasonably speculate so far ahead. At last it is really GREAT Britain in the world of tennis.

P. C. 385 Aims To Catch His Man—It's Kuts

NOTHING WILL STOP HIM
SAYS Mrs STAN ELDON

By ALAN HOBY

British athletics, sighing for the lost glamour of the great Roger Bannister-Chris Chataway era, has found a new crowd-puller. He is 22-year-old Stan Eldon—the galloping "cop" from Reading, the star from suburbia.

Time and again this year, P.C. 385—Eldon is an 28-a-week probationary constable in the Berkshire force—has had the stop-watch statisticians groping for their record books.

He has four victories over Gordon Pirie—in the mile, one and a half mile, three miles, and cross-country.

He is the international cross-country champion—during the cross-country season he won 17 out of 18 races.

And two weeks ago he became the fastest six-miler in the world when he coldly shattered the A.A.A. six-mile championship record at Chiswick with a time of 28 min. 5sec.—8.6sec. better than the previous best.

Head wobble

So spectacular has been the success of P.C. 385, with his now-familiar head wobble, his piston-thrust arm action, and his deadly short sprints, that he has been called the British Kuts or Zatopek.

"But," said his attractive wife, Marion, when I called on the Eldons, "such comparisons do not please him. He has his own way up from scratch. He just wants to be him, if you know what I mean!"

I knew exactly what she meant. For this young Windsor-born policeman is no cosseted, state-pampered athlete. He lives in a large but old police-owned house and, with his dog, his chickens in their garden coop, and his home background, he is as English as his "bobby's" uniform.

Lightweight

He covers a 20-mile beat at Sonning on his bicycle—just like any other "copper." He does his eight-hour night shift, plus his normal quota of mobile and C.I.D. work—just like any other police probationer. AND HE TRAINS ONLY IN HIS SPARE TIME.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Bobby Jones. A putter.
2. (a) Lacrosse, (b) Cricket.
3. Kurt Nilsen of Denmark.
4. They are all Welshmen.
5. Four times.
6. Six.
7. Arthur Milton.
8. (a) Ashley Cooper, (b) Mervyn Rose, (c) Rose, (d) Mal Anderson.
9. Bob Fitzsimmons, Marvin Hart, Jack Sharkey, Max Baer, James Brodock.
10. Angela Mortimer.



Here's Stan Eldon on his daily run—accompanied by Simon, his young retriever.



Eldon—at 10st, just about the lightest policeman in the country—has missed just one day's running since he spent his honeymoon in Guernsey last October.

"Even then he went running round the Guernsey coast," said Mrs Eldon with a smile.

Since October, 247 days have gone by—247 days in which Stan Eldon has averaged 6 miles a week in the winter, and 60 miles in the summer—a total of some 2,750 miles.

When he had to report for periodic stints at Workingham, seven miles from home, he ran there and back. The superintendent gave him permission to keep his uniform at the station.

Rain, snow, ice, sleet, sun—the moods of Nature are all the same to Eldon, the patient perfectionist. Frequently he goes home drenched. When the roads are icy he wears his studded, cross-country running shoes.

Even on Christmas Day he went out—at five minutes to midnight.

P.C. 385's No. 1 fan, of course, is his 32-year-old wife. His No. 2 supporter is his dog Simon, a bounding, nine-month-old black retriever.

And Simon often runs with his master when he pounds out the mileage round the back streets of Reading.

Eldon also helps his wife by loping down to the shops in shorts and vest and picking up the groceries. Naturally, Simon accompanies him.

Fittest dog!

In fact, if Simon could talk he would probably say he is the fittest dog in Britain.

Crazy? The self-conscious and the foolish might call it "crazy," but if you are a working man living in England, and you want to be a world-beater, this is the only way to go about it.

Eldon doesn't say a lot himself. He leaves most of the publicity to his wife, who told me: "Hard work—that's how Stan has got there. That and his cross-country running last winter. My husband is very determined. He is going to get there and nothing will stop him."

Yes, Stanley Edward—Eldon is his "his man"—none other than Vladimir Kuts, 5,000 and 10,000 metres gold medalist at Melbourne. (The English police constable and the Soviet sailor will almost certainly meet at the relative championships in Stockholm next month).

But first comes the six miles in the Empire Games in Cardiff today.

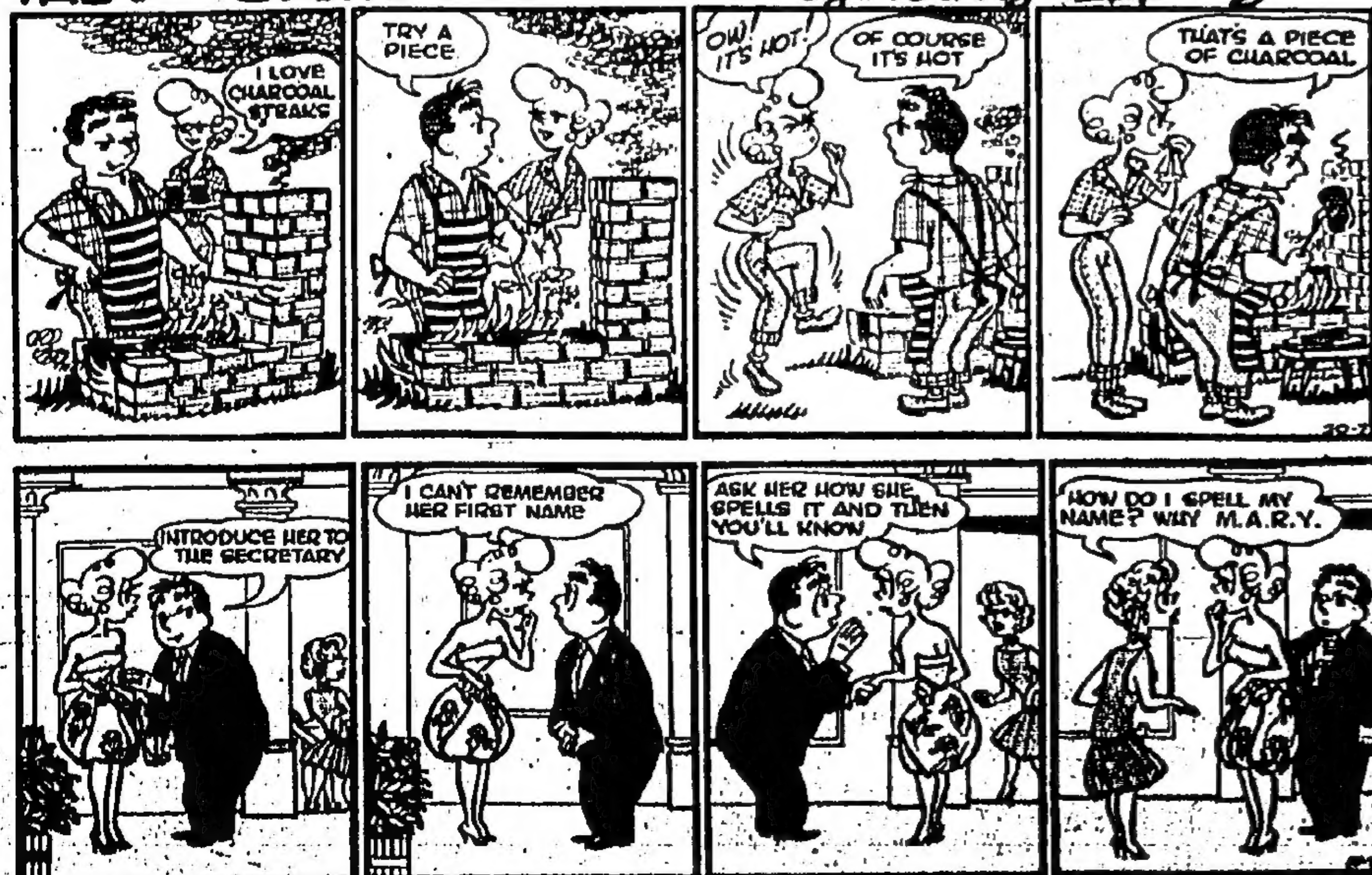
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THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1958.

Sheaffer's
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

Nasser Has The Allies Guessing

London, July 18. The announcement of United Arab Republic President, Gamal Abdel Nasser's sudden trip to Moscow produced great surprise in London today and was the subject of major headlines in all the evening newspapers.

Authoritative British sources said they believed the aim of Nasser's trip was to determine how much support he could expect from the Kremlin, following the setback of his attempts at subversion in Lebanon and Jordan.

Some alarm was expressed that his reaction might be to strike at Western interests by cutting oil pipelines across Syria or by barring access of Western ships to the Suez Canal.

The actions were considered unlikely, however, since cutting the pipelines would injure the new regime in Iraq, whose Premier, General Abdul Karim Kassem, has publicly stated that he will protect the oil companies and their installations.

Some circles said they believed he might cut the "tapline" of the

Arabian-American Oil Company, which crosses Syria from Chahran in Saudi-Arabia to Sidon.

Some London circles believe that while the threat of a coup d'état in Jordan now seems to have been avoided, this is not the case on the Persian Gulf, especially at Kuwait, the largest oil producer in the Middle East.

The relatively weak reinforcements sent urgently from Aden to nearby Bahrain are not considered sufficient to prevent serious trouble at Kuwait, where the sympathies of the people—

and even of some members of the ruling family—are with Nasser.

At the very best, it is expected that the policy of Iraq aiming at the incorporation of Kuwait into Iraq, which had been pursued by Nuri Es-Said, will be taken up also by the new regime.

Finally, observers consider the possibility of trouble in regions of Iraq, Iran and Turkey, inhabited by the Kurds. It is emphasised that Soviet and Nasser propaganda has been increased recently among the Kurds. —France-Press.

This Funny World



"It's the first time we've taken him anywhere!"

RED REACTION TO WEST INTERVENTION

PROTEST RALLIES

London, July 18.

Anglo-American intervention in the Middle East has sparked a wave of Communist-organised demonstrations throughout the world, at U.S. and British embassies, Consular and Military Liaison Offices.

This was the situation in brief:

MOSCOW — Hundreds of shouting Russians demonstrated outside the U.S. Embassy today for the second day in a row. In the morning they presented petitions to the embassy calling for the United States to get out of the Middle East. Another crowd demonstrated before the British Embassy.

BERLIN — The East German News Agency ADN said about 1,000 German Communists protested in front of the U.S. and British military liaison offices in Potsdam. They pulled down an American flag and then hoisted it again.

CALCUTTA — About 3,000 Indian leftists and Communists

appeared before the U.S. consular offices yesterday and presented petitions.

BUENOS AIRES — Pro-Communist and pro-Nasser sympathisers demonstrated outside the U.S. consulate on Wednesday night and ended up in a fight among themselves.

TOKYO — The Communist New China News Agency said angry Chinese Communists demonstrated before the British Embassy in Peking.

There were big street demonstrations yesterday.

SEOUL — Thousands of South Korean students staged a rally in front of the Seoul city hall today in support of the Anglo-American action in the Middle East.

ROME — About 500 Communists and leftists marched on the U.S. Embassy in Italy yesterday. Police dispersed them.

DAMASCUS — About 3,000 shouting students, labourers and women marched on the U.S. consulate yesterday, delivered a letter addressed to President Eisenhower and then dispersed peacefully. —U.P.I.

Official's Wife In Accident On Ship

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

Mrs Evelyn Jones, wife of Mr W. Aneurin Jones, the former Registrar General of Hong Kong, who left Hong Kong on June 27 on the liner Asia, met with an accident on board resulting in a fractured femur. She was taken ashore in Bombay and placed in hospital. It is expected she will remain in Bombay for at least two months.

Mr Jones who is remaining in Bombay during his wife's convalescence has been appointed Commissioner for the Revision of Laws in Kenya and is due to take up his duties there in October. The European tour they planned to be followed by a holiday in the United Kingdom have been postponed.

Picture Prizes

London. Mr J. B. Hynd, Labour M.P. for Attlebridge, is concerned at the practice of giving children obscene photographs as prizes at some fun fairs. He is to raise the matter in the House of Commons. —China Mail Special.

Prohibited Area

Singapore, July 18. Between 150 and 180 miles of the south coast of West Java was declared a prohibited area by Indonesian naval authorities, it was learned here today.

Singapore's port officer said Singapore mariners have been notified of the ban. —U.P.I.

Meeting To Scrap Embargo

Paris, July 18. Top-level representatives from all NATO countries, excepting Iceland but with the addition of Japan, today began a key two-day meeting here to take far-reaching decisions to relax East-West trade controls.

They will review the results of four months' work by a secret expert committee sitting in Paris known as COCOM which has just completed the first full-scale overhaul since 1954 of the strategic embargo on Western trade with the Communist bloc.

Reliable sources report that up to 40 per cent of the items whose export to Russia, China and Eastern Europe, has hitherto been banned will be scrapped from the embargo list.

It is understood that oil tankers—which Japan is keen to export—and electronic instruments will be among the items liberalised. —Reuters.

Asylum Wanted

London, July 18. Bagdad Radio said tonight that Sayed Badri El Malki, former Jordanian Charge D'Affaires and Second Secretary in Bagdad, had asked for and been granted political asylum in Iraq. —Reuters.

Swashbuckling Century By N.Z. Captain

Dublin, July 18.

John Reid the New Zealand cricket captain, hit a swashbuckling century in the drawn one-day match against Ireland here today.

Rain frequently held up play but Reid scored 103 (two sixes and 12 fours) out of 182 in just under 1 1/2 hours to help the New Zealanders who had been put in first reach 182 for four wickets before declaring at tea. Ireland replied with 121 for three wickets.

Considering how quickly he scored Reid played surprisingly few false strokes. After the first wicket had fallen for 17 he dominated a second wicket stand of 145 with Laurie Miller, the left-hander. Miller concentrated largely on defence and took two hours to reach 50. He was 64 not out when Reid declared.

Left just under two hours to pass the New Zealand total Ireland made a spirited attempt scoring at a run a minute as Reid used eight bowlers—a number of whom rarely take the ball. —Reuters.

Davis Cup In Warsaw

Warsaw, July 18. Italy took a 2-0 lead over Poland in their European zone Davis Cup lawn tennis semi-final here today when they won the opening singles.

Nicola Pietrangeli beat Wladyslaw Skonecki 6-3, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4, and Orlando Sirola defeated Andrzej Licko 6-4, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3.

The winners meet Britain, who today took a winning 3-0 lead over France. —Reuters.

Ticket Man

Chicago, July 18. Alderman Charles H. Weber's face is slightly red today.

After he had complained to police that private vehicles on Damen Ave. were hampering the work of street cleaners, officers began ticketing all illegally parked autos in the area. Among the cars tagged was Weber's big white Cadillac. —U.P.I.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

DOWN: 1. PAL 2. AGE 3. COT 4. TON 5. ON 6. TLO 7. BE 8. ADD 9. LEG 10. MAP

"SICK" WORDS: NUN, DUN, FUR, GUN, HUN, JIN, KUN, MUN, PIN, NUN, SUN, TUN, WIN.

"J" WORDS: Japanese girl; Jack; Jumpers; Joker; Jaws; Jam; Jelly; Jaguar; Jay.

MATCH THEM: Columbia—Silver; City Hall—Building; Explorer—Sailor; Polaris—Star; Mars—Planet.

TRIANGLE: WHITE, RATE, ACE, IF

Japan Deep

Yokohama, July 18. The French navy's bathyscaphe No. 111 went down to a depth of 2,000 metres (6,100 feet) today in the sea off the coast of China prefecture near here.

It was the fifth dive made by the submarine craft in the joint Japan-France undersea exploration programme in connection with the 1958 international geophysical year. —U.P.I.

Archie Moore

Moncton New Brunswick, July 18. Archie Moore has agreed to defend his world lightweight boxing title against the British Empire champion Vito Dorelli, of Canada, in Vancouver on September 10. —China Mail Special.

Red Devils

Amman, July 18. British paratroopers, whose number in Jordan now is nearly 2,000, have already received their first mail from home. —Reuters.

REDIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. "Redgauntlet" — By Sir Walter Scott—Final Episode. 12 Noon. "Time" — 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Horse; 1. Key-Board Capers; 1.13. Weather Report. News and Special Announcements; 1.30. George Melachrino and his Orchestra; 3. Saturday Requiem—Presented by Nick Kendall; 3. Philo Vance—Episode 31—The Ladies Murder Case; 3.30. Fatti Page introduces "The Big Record"; 4. Songs Of The Prairie; 4.30. Rhythm Parade; 5. Music By Rudi; 6. Birthday Mailbag; 6.02. Melody Magic; 6.30. Meet The Stars—Kenneth McRellar and Susan Reed; 7. Ficin Time; 1.30. Seven-Up Summerfest; 7.45. Songs Of The Blue Seas Of France; 8. Time Signal and News; 8.05. Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude; 8.15. "Rhythm Rendezvous" Starring Paul Page with Ray Anthony's Orchestra; 8.30. Voice Of Sport; 9. Hit Parade; 9.30. Music From Maxine's 10. Hollywood Open House—Starring Faye Emerson and Jerry Moore; 10.30. I Remember When—Starring Paul Whiteman; 11. Sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games—report from Cardiff on yesterday's events—recorded; 11.15. Dance Party; 12 Midnight. Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. "The Great Gildersleeve"; 2.30. "Mr District Attorney"; 3. Cantonese Feature—"The Widow"; 4.30. "Life of Riley"; 5. Children's Hour—Cartoons; 5.15. Children's Songs Selected and Sung By Robin Williams; 5.30. Children's Film—"Jungle Jim in 'Voodoo Drama'; 6. Close Down.

7.30. Saturday Variety: The Chung Lee Show; 7.45. Playhouse Fifteen Presents—"The Return"; 8. "Tales of the Texas Rangers"; 8.30. "Music" Starring Ann Southern; Episode 7—"Old Soldier"; 9. Newsweek; 9.15. Evening Feature—"The Letter" Starring Belle Davis, Herbert Marshall; 11. Late Night Final; Close Down.

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Printed and published by PETER PLUMLEY for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hong Kong.